NEW CONTEST. BIG CASH PRIZES (See inside)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 835.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PEEK FREAN'S

"SHORTCAKE"

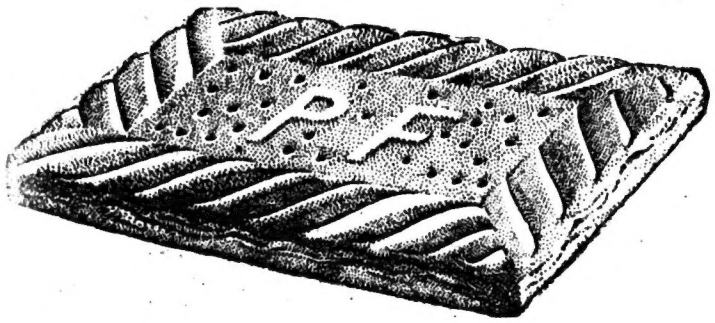
Interesting new - -

"MIDDLES"

COMPETITION

- - See Page 1029.

"SHORTCAKE"



About 32 Pieces to the Pound at the popular price. Be sure the letters P. F. are on every Biscuit. They stand for

PEEK FREAN.

WOOD MILNE PAD

NERVES!

When they get a jar at every step you take — what wonder they get back on you in headaches and that 'done up' feeling.

'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels offer you a perpetual rubber carpet 'twixt you and the street—the softest carpet possible, yet wearing thrice as long as leather soles.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

In Jet Black, Brown, & Grey.

Sell more widely than any other because the most resilient, most durable, most economical of all.
SOLD BY ALL BOOTMAKERS.
See name 'Wood-Milne' on every heel.

Patronised by H.M. the QUEEN of S

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARG

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is ma... of *Pearson's Weekly*, 18/4/12. On receipt ... we will forward **direct from our Looms** address one of our **REVERSIBLE "PRUDENT REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HAL**

REPEAT ORDERS RECEIVED FROM THE ROYAL PALACE STOCKHOLM.

BRUSSELE... CAR...

Regd.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

suitable for Drawing-room, Bedroom, &c., ... dered, in Thirty Turkey ... fashionable self-shades ... Greens, Blues, and Art ... suit all requirements, ... to cover any ordinary-... Carpets, with

FREE RU...

will be sent out as ... thus showing the inde... supply in all sizes. T... of material equal to ... a speciality of our ow... obtain... our ... the ... mi...

O... SOL... THE... TWE... M... turn... The... pear... Un... mo...

W... we ... CUT ... AWA... so... or w... Carpe... RU...

ILLUSTR... FOR... GAIN ... Carpets, ... Overm...

Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., POST FREE If mentioning "Pearson's W... when writing. N.B.—Foreign orders executed, packed free, and shipped.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS," Cheques and P.O.'...

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. B.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RO... LEEDS.**

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c., lecturing on food, says: "The chief Text in the Gospel of Nutrition is that Tea and Coffee are not Foods at all, while Cocoa is an admirable and sustaining diet. Than FRY'S PURE COCOA, no better food product of this nature can be obtained or used."

Fry's PURE Cocoa

"THE MOST PERFECT FORM OF COCOA"

—Guy's Hospital Gazette

Makers to the Royal Households,

AND TO OTHER ROYAL COURTS OF EUROPE

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1135. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 18, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

MIDDLES PRIZE-MONEY STILL ON THE UP-GRADE.

BIGGER THAN EVER

RECORD PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK.

Bigger than ever! This is the pleasing announcement we have to make in connection with the awards in Middles No. 5. In this contest the sum available is the record one of £170 4s., or about £60 more than last week's total. The names of the winners in this contest appear at the foot of this page. Next week we hope to publish another big prize-list in connection with Contest No. 6.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS DIVIDE ☛ £170 4s.

Below we announce another "Middles" Contest. Don't miss this opportunity to win a big cash prize.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a sentence or phrase of two words (called a "Middle"), which shall have some bearing on the chosen word. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter of the word you choose, and the second with any of the letters in that word, or you may use the middle letter as initial of both words of your "Middle." In the list of words the middle letter is in heavier type.

For instance, suppose you take the word "ARGUMENTS," the centre letter of which is "M." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and, say, "U" for the second, and we get "MOSTLY UNNECESSARY." Or, again, take the word "HONESTY," the centre letter of which is "E." We choose "T" as the other letter and get "EARNS TRUST."

WORDS FOR YOUR "MIDDLES."

The following is the list from which you must choose a word for your "Middles" this week:

BOW	WATCH	DEN	LIBRARY	HONESTY	LUCKY
CREAM	BRUTE	INSOLENCE	SNOBS	LETTERS	WOMEN
FRIDAYS	STRANGE	RESOLVE	PROCESSIONS	OUTLOOK	TELEPHONE
CRIME	CHEAPNESS	BLACK	CENTRAL	SMART	AVIATOR
STORM	RACES	MINUTES	EXTRA	RUBBISH	FINANCIAL
INVITATIONS	DRAWBACKS	THICK	SILLY	CIRCULARS	ARGUMENTS
RAINBOW	DESTITUTION	BUS	ASS	SCIENCE	CONTRACTS

Below you will find two entry forms for "Middles." You are at liberty to use one or both. If you decide to use one, send a postal order for sixpence; if you use both entry forms you must send a shilling. *You may send two "Middles" on each entry form.*

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.

2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

3. Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.

4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

5. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 9," in the top left-hand corner.

6. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, April 18th.

7. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.

8. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

9. Of the amount received (after deducting 10 per cent.) one half will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, this half will be divided amongst all such senders.

10. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

11. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

12. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

13. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

<..... *Cut across here* .....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 9.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
.....	.....
.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

<..... *Cut across here* .....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 9.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
.....	.....
.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 5.

1st PRIZE, £85 2s.

The First Prize of £85 2s. has been awarded to:

S. H. STEVENSON, 56 Alpha Road, Cambridge,

who sent the following:

BASHFUL: HER ARTFULNESS.

2nd PRIZE, £42 2s.

The Second Prize of £42 2s. has been won by:

Mrs. H. S. GARVEY, 25 Tottington St., Manchester,

whose "Middle" read as follows:

FUNNY: NAVVY FROCKCOATED.

86 PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Aitken, W., 12 Smith Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow.
Andrews, Mrs. H., Beaconsfield House, Cheriton, Folkestone.
Assheton, P. J., 14 Clifford Road, E. Finchley.
Ball, V., North Surrey Schools, Anerley.
Baynes, Mrs. D., 184 Camden Road, Camden Town.
Becks, W. H., Rothwell, Northampton.
Bensted, H. J., 18 Albert Road, Peckham.
Barnett, H., 123 King's Road, Brighton.
Birch, Miss S. J., 11 Parrock Street, Gravesend.
Black, W., 23 George Street, Leith.
Brock, H. S., 20 Hannaville Park, Terenure, Dublin.
Burt, G. G., Carnarvon Road, Gosport.
Butler, Mrs. P., 32 Wiverton Road, Sydenham.
Camburn, Mrs. L. M., 2 Foord Road, Folkestone.
Chamberlin, H. C., 29 Lansdowne Road, Erdington.
Coles, Mrs., 5 Church Terrace, Craig-y-don, Llandudno.
Coombe, J. E., 14 Corporation Street, Aberystwyth.
Craig, W. D., 37 Kassassin Street, Portsmouth.
Dawes, H., Park View, Margate Road, Birchington.
Dolan, T., Fairthorne, Curdridge, Hants.
Donald, A., 57 Camden Street, Belfast.
Doyle, R., 12 Sweet Home Terrace, Cattedown Road, Plymouth.
Draycott, C., 24 Langdale Road, Liverpool.
Dunolly, Miss M., Norton Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
Elliott, G. Thistlemount Avenue, Waterfoot, Manchester.
Fell, E. W., 6 Bolton Road, Harlesden.
Finlayson, R., 131 Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Fraser, W. C., Derwent View, Dipton, Co. Durham.
Frost, Mrs. L., 23 Ashcroft Road, Worcester.
Gascoigne, A. G., Test Valley Iron Works, Romsey.
Gates, R. T., Ecclesbourne, Norman Road, Sutton.
Gould, Mrs. C., Selkirk, Chester Road, Erdington.
Gray, W. G., 150 Holland Street, Glasgow.
Green, G., 18 New Walk Terrace, York.
Gwilliam, Mrs. S., 183 Green Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Harrison, F. H., 65 Swadlincote Road, Woodville, Burton.
Haslam, R. W., 129 Whalley Range, Blackburn.
Henderson, R., 1 Croft Street, Penicuik.
Hill, H. S., 4 Wrose Lane, Shipley.
Hodgson, E. T., 1 Strathearn Street, Beech Grove, Hull.
Horan, J., 77 Bower Road, Sheffield.
Howes, W. R., The Dorn, Skerries, Dublin.
Hulme, T., 110 Chorley Old Road, Bolton.
Hutchison, W., 84 Burns Road, Aberdeen.
Ives, A., 2 Benhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Jackson, J., Croft Ho., Winder, Frizington.
Johnson, Pte. R., R.A.M.C., Aldershot.
Jones, W., 18 Nicholson Street, Greenock.
Joslin, A., 56 Chesterfield Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
Kendall, J., 45 Lady Somerset Road, N.W.
Kerr, G., Bangour Village, W. Lothian.
Knifton, C., King Street, Duffield.
Lawrie, W., 73 Finchley Park, North Finchley.
Leach, J., 57 Rumford Street, Manchester.
Lees, Miss M. D., 7 Townhead Terrace, Paisley.
McAlnah, A., 7 Tankerville Road, S.W.
Mackenzie, J., 6 Montague Street, Glasgow.
Meade, P., Maynooth College, Ireland.
Meldrum, W., 10 Wardlaw Street, Edinburgh.
Metcalf, G. R., 123 Dean Road, Scarborough.
Nelson, W. S., Kirkenhall, near Leeds.
Pascoe, E. J., Marlin Square, Abbots Langley.
Peebles, J. H., 2 Kylachy Gardens, Inverness.
Percy, G. W., 47 Borough Street, Brighton.
Prudhoe, E. D., 202 H. S. Edwards Street, So. Shields.
Rickards, F., Sticklepath, Okehampton.
Richardson, W., 13 Deere Road, Upton Manor, Plaistow.
Robson, G. A., 29 Albert Drive, Low Fell, Gateshead.
Sellers, Miss D. L., Binchester, Tynedale Ave., Whitley Bay.
Smith, F. J., 47 Byres Road, Partick.
Soar, W. H., 138 Old Heath Road, Colchester.
Thomson, W., 12 Strathclyde Street, Dalmarnock Glasgow.
Thorne, C., 33 Baker Street, Weston-super-Mare.
Tickner, F., 3 Deerings Road, Reigate.
Till, H., 84 King's Road, Leeds.
Turner, E. E., Headley Institute, Headley, Hants.
Tippett, J., Long Ashton, Somerset.
Van-der-Vord, Mrs., Eastgate, Louth, Lincs.
Walker, C. E., The Avenue, Basford, Stoke.
Wallace, A., 23 Turney Road, Dulwich.
Wallace, Miss F. E., The Gewards, Harrow.
Wallace, J., 34 Laurel Street, Partick.
Whalley, H., 18 Manor Drive, Halifax.
Wise, Mrs. P., 128 Plane Street, Newington, Hull.
Wiseman, E., 83 St. Stephen's Road, Upton Park.
Wood, J. S. H., 22 Reed Street, Hull.

Watches, Blue Bird Brooches, Briar Pives Stylo Pens, and Sealing-wax Sets offered in this week's footlines.

Look Here!

HIS PROFESSION.

JUST now a lot of stories are being told in legal circles about Mr. Justice Lawrance, who retired the other day after serving as a judge of the King's Bench Division for twenty-two years. Most of them relate either to his suave manner or to his awful handwriting.

He was once passing sentence on a man, and in the course of his preliminary remarks he referred to him as "a professional burglar."

The prisoner raised loud protests from the dock.

"Here," he exclaimed, "I dunno wot you mean by callin' me a professional burglar. I've only done it once before, an' I've bin nabbed both times."

Mr. Justice Lawrance beamed upon him.

"Oh, I did not mean to say," he remarked in his most suave manner, "that you had been very *successful* in your profession."

WORSE AND WORSE.

TALKING of law courts reminds one of the small boy who was "had up" at Kingston-on-Thames the other day.

An old man had been working on an allotment garden, and this young demon had thrown a stone at him with intent to do grievous bodily harm. And what, think you, was his defence?

"I dud-didn't think he was workin'!" he sobbed. "I didn't think he was a man. I thu-thought he was scarin' the birds!"

THE ONLY POSSIBLE REASON.

EVERYBODY will regret to hear that Mr. Edward Terry, the well-known actor, is very unwell. One day last summer he had a bad fall in the garden, and he has never really recovered from the injuries he received.

One recalls a story Mr. Terry tells in connection with one of his provincial tours. While they were playing in Leeds he organised a swimming competition among the members of his company, and offered a silver loving cup as a prize. The event attracted a good deal of interest in the city, and a friend told Mr. Terry that he had overheard a conversation on the subject of the competition between two Yorkshiremen.

"Say," the first one remarked, "dust ta know this 'ere Terry's given a coop to best swimmer i' company?"

"Ay," commented the other. "What's that for?"

"I suppose," replied the first man, "it's to keep his play-actors clean."

DEMOCRACY.

THE American newspapers have been exciting themselves, after their custom, over what is claimed to be the most expensive block of flats in the world. The average rent for each room in the block is about two hundred pounds, and of the eighteen flats Senator Elihu Root occupies the most expensive.

One has not heard much of the Senator lately, so it is a joy to find he has leaped into fame once again. The last time one heard of him he had been having trouble with his new office-boy.

Said Mr. Root to him one day, "Who's gone off with my waste-paper basket?"

"Mr. Riley, sir," was the reply.

"Mr. Riley!" exclaimed Mr. Root. "Who's Mr. Riley?"

"The janitor, sir," replied the boy.

"Oh," said Mr. Root. "You mean Pete!" And he went on with his work.

A little later he called the boy again. "Somebody's been in here while I was out, and left a window open."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "It was Mr. Lantz, sir."

"Mr. Lantz!" repeated the senator. "Who's he?"

"The window-cleaner, sir."

"Tut, tut," commented Mr. Root. "Not so much of your 'mistering,' Jimmy. Call people by the Christian names and we'll know who you're talking about. Mr. Lantz, indeed! We call him plain Joe!"

"Very good, sir," said the boy respectfully.

A few minutes later a head was stuck round the corner of the door, and the now democratic Jimmy piped out, "Say, Elihu, here's a man to see you!"

A MISTAKE.

THERE is big trouble going on over the copyright of Captain Amundsen's account of his journey to the South Pole.

The explorer tells an amusing story of one of his Arctic expeditions. Several of his dogs having died, Captain Amundsen asked one of the natives, in his best Eskimo, if he would sell him a few dogs.

To his surprise, the request was promptly refused. The explorer and the Eskimo had a long argument; the explorer pointing out that he *must* get dogs somehow, and the Eskimo replying that they never sold them.

"Nonsense!" Captain Amundsen exclaimed. "I have often bought dogs."

The Eskimo seemed immensely astonished, and at the end of another argument, Captain Amundsen discovered that instead of using the Eskimo word for "dogs," he had been asking the man to sell him some "children."

A BIG BUTTON.

THIS very American story is being told by an English aviator who returned recently from the States.

An aviator had taken up a lady passenger, and after they had been flying for some time she suddenly cried out: "Oh, stop a minute!"

"What's the matter?" he asked, surprised.

"I've lost one of the pearl buttons off my coat, and I can see it glistening just below us."

The aviator looked down.

"No," he said, "you're mistaken. That's not a button. *That's Lake Erie!*"

CERTAINLY NOT.

THE patriotic ladies who are busy enticing young men to join the Territorials recall the story of the old maiden lady of Montrose.

During an invasion scare about a hundred years ago the Montrose magistrates started a fund for organising a local volunteer corps, and among the persons approached for subscriptions was this old lady.

But "Na, na," she said; "I'll dae nae sic thing. I cudna' raise a man for mysel', and I'm no gaen to raise men for King George!"

AN M.P.'s CARD.

MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P., told a good story at the annual dinner of the National Sporting Club.

He made his first bet, he said, at a Lancashire race meeting about twenty years ago. The horse he had backed came in all right, as every good horse should, but when he went to collect his winnings the "bookie" explained, more in sorrow than in anger, that he had paid out all the money he had brought with him.

"But if you will let me have your card, sir," he said, "I'll send on the money to you as soon as I get back to London."

Mr. Smith agreed, and handed over one of his visiting-cards.

A few days later, however, instead of receiving the expected money, there came a stern letter from the solicitor's department of a railway company, peremptorily calling attention to the fact that whereas he had travelled from Crewe to London on a certain day by a certain train, and had not been able to produce a ticket when requested to do so by the company's inspector, he had rendered himself liable to a fine not exceeding such-and-such an amount.

But the company were prepared to forego their pound of flesh if he would at once forward the amount of the first-class fare!

Apparently the "bookie" had been caught travelling without a ticket by the railway-inspector, and, in reply to the demand for his name and address, *had calmly handed over Mr. Smith's card!*

THE GREATEST ADVERTISER.

DISCUSSING the value of advertising the other day, a business man declared that advertising on a big scale was only of use if you had a really good thing to advertise. You must never, he said, try to rush the public into buying a bad article simply by advertising largely. They'll neither forget nor forgive if you do.

"Take the hen," he pointed out. "The hen is one of the greatest and most successful advertisers in the world. Every time she lays an egg she advertises the fact loudly. And that is real good advertising, *for no hen ever laid a bad egg!*"

Bits for Wits

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any paragraph used. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown prize this week is won by Mr. A. J. Terry, 111 Manners Road, Southsea.

COAL STRIKE.

WHAT did the servant say when the mistress asked her name?

"Minnie, mum."

???

Q. "A lady discovered her husband helping his pretty housemaid to pick up some hairpins. What appropriate warning did she give him?"

A.: "Don't let this hair-pin again."

THE QUEER LIMERICK.

A CHARMING young maid of Aberystwith
Took corn to a mill to make grystwith,
The miller named Mace,
Took hold of her face,
And united those parts that they kystwith.

NOT A "SINGLE" CATCH.

A CONJUROR drank a glass of wine without letting a single drop go down his throat. There is no catch here about the words "single drop." He drank the wine—all the drops—every drop—right to the last drop. How did he manage it?

Solution below.

PICTURES BY APPROPRIATE ARTISTS.

"THE Light Brigade"	By Lucy Fur.
"No Change in Me"	„ M. T. Pure.
"Something to Adore"	„ A. Handel.
"The Charge for the Standard"	„ A. Penny.
"Fish" (in oils)	„ S. R. Dean.
"A Stirring Affair"	„ T. Spoon.
"Wreck of a Cutter"	„ Russ T. Nibs.

A WEIGHTY PROBLEM.

A MAN dropped a 40-lb. weight and it broke into four pieces. With these pieces it is possible to weigh anything from 1 lb. up to 40 lb.

What are the weights of the pieces?

Solution below.

ASKING FOR IT.

A GUEST at an hotel took a kindly interest in a bright-faced page boy who had answered his summons very promptly.

"What is your name, my boy?" he inquired.

"They call me Billiard Cue," replied the youth.

"Billiard Cue! And why is that?"

"Because I work so much better with a good tip!"

A NEW MEASURE.

2 hinges to 1 door,
1 chain makes a fancy vest ornament.
20 football clubs make 1 league.
2 gills to 1 fish.
No scruples, 1 lawyer.

THE T TALE.

TEN thousand trippers,
Took twenty-three
Trains to take them
To Trincomally.

They travelled towards
The thickest tree,
They talked, they tittered,
Then took their tea.

The tunes they trilled
Together then,
The tales they told
Till ten to ten.

Till tardy time
Told them the tale
To turn themselves
To the townward trail.

Solutions.

NOT A "SINGLE" CATCH.

THE conjuror stood on his head and let the wine go up his throat.

A WEIGHTY PROBLEM.

THE answer is 1, 3, 9, and 27.

Everyone knows that old nursery rhyme beginning "Jack and Jill went up the hill."

Other Men's Jobs

No. 2.—The Moving-Picture Maker.

By Mr. P. DOUBLEYOU.

THE operator I chatted to was a young Frenchman of under thirty, with a clean-shaven, boyish face. Into his twenty-seven years he had crammed an immense amount of experience.

For six months he had accompanied a big game hunting expedition in the heart of Africa, and calmly taken his pictures at the rate of sixteen a second in the very moment of the rush of an elephant charge, serenely confident that the man who stood by with the rifle would fire in time.

He had been on the scenes of a revolution in South America; he had made Tripoli on a specially-chartered steamer, and been very busy for a week before the angry authorities expelled him from the field of action. But these were all little things in his mind when I asked him about his work.

His One Big Worry.

His chief trouble in the profession, he assured me, was in doing pictures at home—processions, military pageants, sporting events, and so on. Why? Because his camera and necessary stand were so infernally heavy to carry about, and you got to all sorts of places where you couldn't get any conveyance for love or money.

"It is good work, though," he smiled, "and funny—yes. Shall I tell you another of our greatest annoyances. It is this. There is the unveiling of a statue to some famous man, or something like that. We are always taking such pictures. We tell in film what the newspapers tell in print, you understand. And on these occasions there is always some fussy person, generally the mayor of the place, who is anxious to appear in the picture.

"He asks us to make certain of getting him in. Not that he cares twopence—oh, no, of course not—but his many friends in the place will expect it. We cannot refuse. If we do not do what he asks, he may make what you call a bother, and stop our proper work. So we say, 'Why, certainly,' and ask him to stand in front of the camera. And we turn the handle of the machine, and turn and turn, while he grins like the cat of the Cheshire.

"But when the film comes out there is no picture of Mister Mayor. Oh, no. You see, we have given the handle a little quick pull so that it disengages from the socket, and though we turn and turn, it is for no jolly good. It is the bluff.

A Big Bloomer.

"Mistakes? Ah, yes! I tell you one. I go to photograph the King a long time ago. It is to be the first photograph in public since he is King, and there are eight or nine other bio operators, and no ending of your photographers from the papers. (Lucky fellows—*they* have nothing to carry at all. They can jump the wall and get a better position. You cannot jump the wall, or climb the fence, with my machine.)

"It is a rainy day, and we wait and wait, and all the honourables arrive, and they also wait for the King. And at the last moment I perceive that the King he will come out from a further door.

"I lift my burden. I dash down the steps, and across a little way; and I get a fine position. The very finest. It is too late for anyone to stop me, you understand, and it is too late for any of the other photographers to follow my example I have left them—out in the cold.

"When I get back to the office I am excited. I say, 'I have the verree best picture of the King in all the country to-day. Come. Develop it quick, please. And I think I will soon get the more salary from my people.

"Then they come up, and they say, 'You are mad. There is no picture on the film.' I rush downstairs to the developing rooms, and I look for myself. There is no picture. I tumble upstairs again to examine my camera. I tear my hair. Then I am too angry to speak.

"It is so simple. While I do the wait in the rain I stuff my handkerchief in the lens cover, so that it shall not get hurt from the wet. When I have sudden determination to rush to the better position I forget to remove the handkerchief. That is all. And the more salary is still in my mind only.

No Beer nor Food to Eat.

"But there is fine good luck sometimes. The Queen Alexandra she comes back from Copenhagen one time, and I go travelling with my machine. I will get a good picture this time or I will get the bag—I mean it not—the sack.

"I am at Port Victoria at four in the morning, while it is dark. I wait till eleven, and there is no chance of getting the beer or any food to eat, and I am perished with cold. Again there come all the honourables of the staff, and they say the Queen will soon be here.

"My camera is all ready; I know the position is good. They say, 'Here comes the Queen!' and ten minutes go by. But I do not see her when she comes. How so? I am ill; I have done the faint right away. People are kindly holding me up, and the Queen has long passed. I am cross.

"Then there comes up a big tall honourable of the staff, in a uniform all red and gold, and a smile on his face. He is a good man, Lord—I forget. He ask me am I better. And he say, 'I was behind you when you faint. And I made the picture. I turn the handle as much as I could. I know something about it; my brother is the director in France of a bioscope firm.'

"I shake the hand again, and he laugh still more. He had made a good picture, I found out later. That was good luck!"

(Next week: "The Press Agent.)

MAKING THE ANIMALS USEFUL.

"Wonders will never cease," says our cartoonist. "The latest is a porcupine trained to roll cigarettes. If this 'pet' can be useful, why not domesticate giraffes, elephants, and other animals?"

—Fetching water is rather old. I want a new version of it, an up-to-date version.

The Resurrection of Captain Pettie

An Amusing Romance that Took the Wrong Turning.

By C. D. LESLIE.

"MORNIN', Captain."

Mr. Simpson, greengrocer, standing in his shop amid pyramids of apples and oranges, and flanked by cabbages and cauliflowers, smiled upon his valued lodger, but the dapper little man with the closely trimmed grey beard, wearing a well-cut serge suit, only nodded morosely.

"You're not yourself, Captain," commented the greengrocer as the other paused, pulling on his gloves.

"I'm not, Simpson. I'm in trouble here." And the Captain smote himself on the chest.

"Stummick?" asked Simpson sympathetically. "I've noticed you've been off your feed lately."

"Heart," said the other tartly, "but I'll talk to you and your good lady about it later. I shall be wanting your assistance," and he strode off.

For two years Captain Pettie had lodged with the Simpsons, and it was with secret sorrow they had recently received the news of his engagement to a lady in Stoke Newington, and of a wedding to be celebrated before the end of the year.

Pettie was financially interested in some brickworks at Ealing and owned a half share in a small schooner trading between London and the West. He had once made the trip in her, but was discreetly silent as to his knowledge of navigation. Still he liked being called "Captain," and the Simpsons took care to indulge him.

He reappeared at tea-time and, as it was early closing day, they were able, when the meal was ended, to give him the undivided attention he desired. The Captain's heart it speedily appeared was torn between allegiance to the old, and a tendency towards a new love. The smiles of a red-haired charmer, daughter of a prosperous Ealing builder, made him chafe at the bonds which held him to Miss Kennedy, proprietress of the Oriel Dairy in Stoke Newington.

"I haven't a word to say against Emma," he declared handsomely, "a better woman don't breathe, but take her all round she's not quite my ideal. I suppose it's Destiny that I should find 'er later. It was Kate that fixed up the match before I knew what I was letting myself in for.

"Kate's her younger sister, and really runs the dairy, though it belongs to Emma. Kate's marrying a man named Murray, mate on a steamer, in September, and going to live in Southampton, and I see now that, not liking to leave 'er sister to manage the business alone, she determind to get 'er married at the same time as 'erself. And I'm the victim," concluded the Captain sadly.

"What's the business worth?" asked the greengrocer.

"Not much, less than I thought, and that's not the worst. The shop lease falls in next year and there'll be a matter of three hundred pounds to pay for renewals and alterations. And I'll have to pay it.

"And since I've seen Gabrielle," he went on sentimentally, "though I haven't much chance with her, I've acquired such a distaste for marrying Emma that I'll be shot if I do."

"So you're going to ask her to let you off?"

"No," was the reply. "I wouldn't like hurting her feelings like that. Besides, Kate'ud make 'er sue me for breach, Kate's hard as nails. She's no sentiment in 'er," he added bitterly.

"Yes—but Captain, you must either marry 'er or break it off," said Mrs. Simpson.

"I can die," Pettie pointed out.

Mrs. Simpson exclaimed loudly.

"Not really, only pretend," he explained, "and that's where you and Simpson come in.

"I'm going over there Sunday and I'll drop a hint or two about heart trouble. Then a day or two later Emma gets a letter from you saying I'm dead."

"But like as not she'll come over here and ask to see the body."

"I'll be the corpse," said the Captain, "you keep the room dark and cover me up well, and I'll pass for the corpse."

"But how about the funeral?"

"That won't take place in London. My brother from Birkenhead will come and carry off my body to be buried in the family vault—at least that's what you'll tell her. Emma is one of the stay-at-home sort, never goes out of Stoke Newington, and if I keep away from that part of London she'll never know I've come back to life."

"I don't like the idea," said Simpson, shaking his head, "it's playing it a bit low down on the lady."

"It's the kinder course," declared the Captain "I'm considering her as well as myself. It's a far, better way than telling her I no longer love 'er. She'll grieve for me, but time will soothe 'er sorrow; and her memory of me will be unembittered by the knowledge of my change of feelings."

"And your memories of 'er will be unembittered by having to pay compensation for breach of promise," the grocer pointed out.

Ignoring this speech the Captain pressed his arguments, and was plainly a little annoyed that his eloquence failed to convince his auditors until backed by a cheque for a year's rent paid in advance; then and not till then were they won over.

On Sunday he duly paid a visit to his betrothed, and in the course of it mentioned that heart disease ran in his family, having slain an uncle, two brothers, and various cousins, complained of pains in that organ that troubled him, and talked of seeing a doctor about them. And the following evening he assisted Mrs. Simpson to draw up a letter announcing his sudden and lamented decease, and to insure punctual dispatch posted it himself.

He had his breakfast and letters brought up to him next morning, and the greengrocer going to his room half an hour later found him sitting on the edge of the bed the picture of woe. "Wish I really was dead," he burst out. "Happiness is not for me. Read that," and in a paroxysm of grief bowed his head upon his knees.

The epistle was from the Ealing builder on business matters, but incidentally alluded to the engagement of his daughter to a Mr. Jack Harris.

"Owns a motor business"—jerked out the unhappy Captain—"takes her for rides. If it hadn't been for that—" He groaned.

"Strikes me you've been a bit too 'asty in dying."

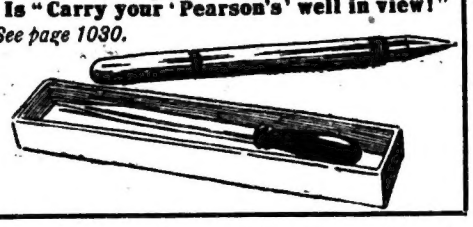
"No, no," firmly declared the Captain. "I'm going through with it—besides, it's too late to draw back."

It was not till three o'clock, when the enforced confinement was trying his temper considerably, that Simpson rushed up to report that Miss Kennedy had come, and to prepare him and the room for a possible visitor.

Meanwhile, the fresh-complexioned, good-looking young woman in the sitting-room downstairs was

To win this stylo all you do Is "Carry your 'Pearson's' well in view!"

See page 1030.



explaining to an embarrassed Mrs. Simpson that she was Kate Kennedy and not the deceased man's betrothed. Emma, too upset by the painful and unexpected news to quit the house, had sent her sister to verify it. "We can't realise it, and that's a fact," said Kate. "He looked perfectly well Sunday when he left us."

"It was sudden," Mrs. Simpson granted, "and he ate his supper as usual last night"—she felt unaccountably glad to dilute the lies she was telling with this solitary fragment of truth—"and after that he suddenly reeled and fell, and never spoke again. We sent for a doctor but when he came it was all over . . . heart failure, he called it . . . would you like to see him?"

"I'd rather not, but just to satisfy Emma I feel it's my duty."

Miss Kate was taken upstairs. Fortunately her sense of duty was apparently easily satisfied, and Simpson, who stood by the bed to protect the deceased from too close an investigation, had not to intervene.

When the ladies had retired, the Captain, who through veiled eyes had identified the visitor, sprang up gaily and executed a few dance steps before proceeding to dress. "So that's over," he said, "I'm glad it was Kate and not Emma who came; draw up the blind, Simpson, and slip down and speed 'er off the premises."

In the sitting-room the visitor, declining the offer of a glass of port wine, discoursed disjointedly on the loss Emma had sustained—"and to lose her sweetheart just when she came into all that money!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Simpson, entering.

"Didn't you know, wasn't it in your paper? There's a paragraph in the EXPRESS. Emma's won a prize of seven hundred pounds in a lottery. She had a letter about it yesterday."

The startled Simpsons, exchanging glances of stupefaction, murmured their ignorance, and sat in perturbed bewilderment till the visitor took her departure. Their assistant was immediately sent for an EXPRESS, and the couple after a long search found the following paragraph.

"Miss Kennedy, the proprietress of the Oriel Dairy, Greek Street, Stoke Newington, has won a prize of £750 in the City of Luxemburg Municipal Lottery."

They were still reading it when the deceased Captain, clothed and smiling, after a cautious peep into the room, joined them. "What cheer?" he asked. "I'm pretty spry for a dead man! What!"

But when the news was broken to him, and when he had at last absorbed it, he clenched his fists, rolled his eyes, and in a long and eloquent silence loudly anathematised Destiny. "I 'aven't language at command equal to it," he said at last. "Gabrielle lost to me, and Emma come in for seven hundred and fifty pounds as soon as I'm dead!"

He sat down, and buried his head in his hands. Then sprang to his feet and smote the table.

"I won't stand it, I'll come to life again!"

"But how can you?" asked Simpson.

"Suspended animation—I've read of such things."

"I said you were too hasty in dying."

"And you were right, old man," handsomely owned the Captain, "I was."

That evening he composed a telegram to his betrothed announcing his resurrection, and also wrote a letter confirming it.

He had, he said, just recovered from a death-like trance lasting twenty hours: the mistake of assuming life to be extinct he saddled on the doctor called in. He expressed sorrow for the grief the news must have caused her and promised to be with her on the morrow. He arranged so that the recipient should get letter and telegram at the same time the following morning.

It was with a certain nervousness he made the visit. Emma, pale and agitated, received him with suppressed though tearful emotion; Kate with frank cheerfulness.

"The good die young, but not always, eh?" she said, as she shook hands. "Glad to see you thought better of it."

"I can't yet understand it," said the Captain. "I simply woke up yesterday evening to find I'd been considered dead for over twenty hours. It was a shock, I can tell you. And I thought of what you must have suffered."

"Oh, there was no harm done," Kate declared. "Emma hadn't ordered her mourning."

"It's like a miracle," said Emma.

The Captain essayed to change the subject. "Simpson said something about a lottery prize that Kate mentioned when she called, but I couldn't make head or tail of it. You don't go in for lotteries, do you, Emma?"

"Oh, no," was the unexpected reply.

The Captain blanched, Emma was smiling; Kate, behind her sister's back, regarding him oddly.

"Then—then it isn't true?" he muttered hastily.

"Oh, yes, it's true, but it's not I that have won it, but Kate, or rather, Tom Murray, he bought the ticket in Kate's name and gave it to her."

"But it said, the newspaper said"—Pettie abandoned the fiction that his knowledge was vague—"that Miss Kennedy, the proprietress of the Oriel Dairy, was the winner."

"Yes, a newspaper man came and saw Kate and took her for me, that's how the mistake arose. I'm so glad it's Kate, she'll be able to buy a nice house in Southampton with the money, and, after all, they want it more than we, don't they, Stephen?"

It was lucky that at this moment the shop assistant put her head into the room and said Miss Kennedy was wanted, or the Captain's lack of agreement would have been obvious even to the simple-minded Emma.

"I hope the shock won't kill you," said Kate slyly.

Meeting her eye, Pettie was dimly aware he was found out.

"No," she said, answering the unspoken question in his look, "I didn't deceive the newspaper man on purpose. What with my unexpected good luck in winning that big prize, and Emma's unexpected bad luck in losing her future husband—both happening together—I was so distracted and flustered that I didn't know what I said to him."

"Then—how did you know?" he muttered.

Kate smiled broadly.

"Dead men don't smoke cigars. There was the smell of cigar smoke in your bedroom. And I did suspect it was Mr. Simpson. He was serving in the shop when I came. And then the room was so dark and the Simpsons seemed uneasy and afraid of my going near the bed. I was puzzled, I admit, I didn't know what to do. And then I remembered the paragraph in the EXPRESS, and thought I'd keep up the fiction that Emma had won the prize, and see what happened. And I had an idea it might bring you back to life—and it has."

She came close to him.

"Look here, Captain Pettie, you're pledged to Emma, and you're going to marry her, and you're going to be good to her. If ever in the future your conduct displeases me, I'll put the tale of your resurrection about. It'll amuse your friends."

But Captain Pettie is a resigned and modified man.

INDIARUBBER MAN: "I'm getting worried." Manager (anxiously): "Why, what's the matter?" Indiarubber Man (sadly): "Why, every time that 'Mermaid' girl writes a love-letter she uses me for an ink-eraser, and I'm getting used up."

And he nervously surveyed himself in the mirror.

—For the five best parodies I will give Watches. Mark postcards "Jill." (See page 1040.)

POUR YOU A HOUSE, SIR?

Wonderful Things Builders Can Do For You Nowadays.

THE up-to-date builder no longer builds you a house. He pours one out for you. Bricks, mortar, wheelbarrows, and scaffolding will soon fetch a fancy price from curio collectors.

You don't think? Well, listen. You know that concrete has lately been taking the place of bricks and mortar in all the bigger buildings. You have often noticed the great steel pillars and beams being set in position before the building is "masked" with stone and made beautiful, and you are probably aware that concrete is "pasted" into this steel framework to make the sides and flooring of the building.

Well, the scientists have just helped the builder one stage forward. Instead of "pasting" the concrete on to the framework, using countless wheelbarrows and countless hods, they have simply suggested that the steel framework should be made in the form of a mould, and that the cement should be poured into this mould from above.

Only Half the Work.

A sort of tower is erected on the top of which a great cistern is placed. In this cistern the concrete is mixed and then conducted by pipes to the various parts of the steel mould so as to form the base, walls, and floor of the building.

There are two overwhelming advantages in "pouring" houses instead of building them. One, that "pouring" is ever so much cheaper owing to the immense saving of labour in carting the cement about in wheelbarrows. Just look at the figures. It costs from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d. per yard to build a house of steel and cement, while it only costs from 7½d. to 1s. ½d. per yard to pour one.

Secondly, the "poured" house is ever so much better than the built one. In building, the cement often "sets" before it has been properly applied. This frequently means that the cement will sooner or later crack. But in pouring there is obviously no risk of this.

Poured Houses Will Not be Ugly.

These two qualities—cheapness and durability—will make "house-pouring" the method of the future. Already in California, where the system originated, there are many large buildings, including bridges, dams, and churches, which have all been "poured."

Of course, the method is still in its experimental stage. The promoters expect shortly to be able to pour out a house complete with all its fittings. Bath-tubs, washstands, mantels, and mouldings will all be made of concrete when the inventors have more experience in the making of moulds.

The concrete houses will not be ugly. It is possible to stain the walls and fittings to almost any shade of colour; and the surface of the cement can be polished to look like wood or marble.

As far as beauty is concerned, the all-concrete "poured" house will be able to give points to the present built one, while the solid material advantages will greatly exceed those we enjoy to-day.

They cannot, for example, be destroyed by fire. Tenants will therefore have no need to keep up their fire insurance premiums. And when it comes to cleaning, all the "poured" house tenant will need do is to move out his furniture and carpets and turn on the hose.

Football Snapshots.

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

In *P.W.* dated March 21st, four pairs of tickets for the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace were offered for the best Football Snapshots on WOOLWICH ARSENAL. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: *Long Necks Advantageous.* Sent by H. BISHOP, 7 Bonsor Road, Folkestone; who nominated MRS. BISHOP.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: *Aspiring Leaders' Necropolis.* Sent by A. BRITTEN (Staff.) Colney Hatch Asylum, New Southgate, N.; who nominated G. ALMOND, of same address.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: *Lungs Arouse Neighbourhood.* Sent by MRS. CLAUDE BROWN, 4 Hazelwood Road, Northampton; who nominated G. BROWN, of same address.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: *Artillery Naturally Leads.* Sent by W. YOUNG, Ferndale Villa, Godfrey Hill, Woolwich; who nominated A. HAYWARD, 203 Burrage Road, Plumstead.

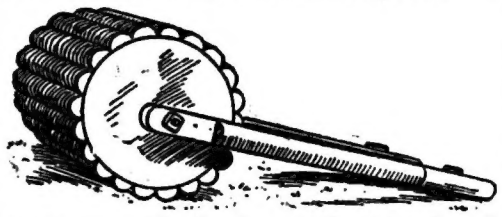
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

A RACECOURSE ROLLER.

ON racecourses it is very essential that the turf should be rolled as smooth and level as possible. To

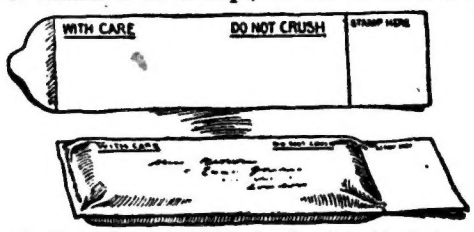


do this the special roller shown in the picture is used. The rolling surface consists of broad blunt points which smash up any hard lumps of turf which are likely to disturb the evenness of the course.

TO INSURE SAFE DELIVERY.

A GOOD idea that will be found very useful when sending presents and other fragile articles through the post is shown in the accompanying sketch.

It consists of an envelope, the end of which is so

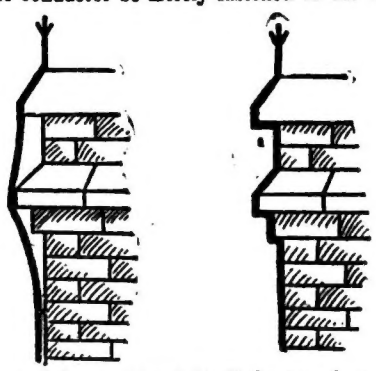


made that when an article is placed inside it is not allowed to fall to the extreme end. This end of the envelope is reserved for postage, and so, when it is stamped with the postmark, there is no fear of getting the contents of the envelope damaged.

A CORRECT LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

WHEN any high chimney or steeple is being built it it always necessary to fix a lightning conductor to it in order to prevent any damage to the actual chimney in case of its being struck.

If the conductor be merely fastened to the wall by



staples, and does not touch it all the way down to the ground, then the chimney will probably be split by the lightning.

The first picture shows the wrong method of fixing the conductor, and the second the right one.

FOR LIFTING BOXES.

NEARLY every one knows some little trick or other which helps him in his business; this picture shows how time and trouble is saved in boot shops.

The picture illustrates an instrument made of a broomstick and a piece of steel with a flange at the foot.

It is used by putting the top of the plate under the lid of a box and the flange under the bottom.

As many as half-a-dozen boxes can be taken down from a high shelf in this way without the aid of a ladder.

VERY PRECIOUS MICE!

Those Kept for Show Purposes are Worth Their Weight in Gold.

WHITE mice are usually considered by children to be delightful "playmates," and even "grown-ups" find the keeping of them an interesting hobby, but it is not a well-known fact that there is a very large and ever increasing "trade" in fancy mice, which are worth their weight in gold.

There is a National Mouse Club, a National Mouse Show, and a hundred others of rather less importance. The prizes would be worthy of consideration by a channel swimmer, and various fanciers seem almost as anxious to gain cups and medals as is a soldier to win his Victoria Cross.

Many of the mice at the National Mouse Show are worth anything from five to twenty pounds apiece; and on one occasion a hundred pounds was refused by a financier for a small selection of prize mice, and they are practically all profit, for the small sum of threepence per week will suffice to keep nearly a dozen.

Their diet consists of bread and milk, hemp seed, and occasional meals of "odds and ends," which the owner must always take care to choose carefully.

Fancy mice are much larger than the ordinary household specimens, and during the last few years, the breed has been so much improved upon that the beauty of the show mice is simply wonderful. Their coats are thick, rich, and silky, and the colours include black and white and every possible shade between.

Pink Eyes Out of Fashion.

The marked or spotted mouse is always popular, and many wonderful specimens of this have been obtained. Silver-grey is fashionable, and into this tints of greyish-blue have recently been introduced. The pink eye of the ordinary white mouse has gone quite "out of fashion," and to be at all valuable the white ones must have large black eyes.

The best mice are selected from a litter—which usually consists of about eight—and then the rest of them are drowned. The chosen ones are reared with the greatest care, and as soon as they reach the right size the little creatures commence their "round of shows."

They travel to the exhibitions singly in special exhibition cages, which are packed together in a live-stock case. As soon as they reach the end of their journey they are put in the charge of "stewards," who place them in their right classes and arrange the show.

The mouse-cages are of regulation size, but shape and ornamentation are left entirely to the fancier. Some of them make their own cages, and they are, as a rule, beautifully decorated, pokerwork sketches, carving, and other methods of adornment being frequently resorted to.

Held by the Tail to be Judged.

The "mouse judge" is always surrounded by a crowd of fascinated spectators, many of whom are themselves showing collections of mice. He is usually satisfied with a glance into the cage, but, if the mouse is a particularly fine specimen, it is taken out and held up by its tail. And if two or three have to be closely compared, they are placed upon the arm of the judge and carefully scrutinised.

As soon as the show is ended the mice are fed, and either returned to their homes or "packed" ready for the next show.

Most mice have a "playground" and a tiny "gymnasium," where they are put for exercise and play, which helps to keep them in perfect health. They are taught tricks, and to watch them walking the "tight rope" and swinging from poles is a pretty and interesting sight.

One lady fancier has a large "family" of mice, each of which has a name, and their dispositions are carefully studied by her. She has a gymnasium, which is fitted up with every possible contrivance, and the mice have been trained to give acrobatic "concerts." They are all assembled at one end of the hall and then called out one by one to entertain the others.

Her latest idea is a doll's piano, which several of her mice are learning to "play."

HOBBS: "Why did the cashier leave the country?"

Dobbs: "The only reason was that he couldn't take it with him."

Shortly, when the Insurance Act comes into force, doctors will be very busy.

START TO-DAY.

The Lady in the Rose-Coloured Gown

The Story of a Mysterious Tragedy.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

CHAPTER IV.

The Discovery in the Flat.

DENIS TRAYNOR woke tired and unrefreshed from uneasy slumbers, during which he had been alternately rescuing ladies in rose-coloured satin from Hubert Welsby, and chasing a rough-looking hooligan who waved a dagger high over his head. His servant stood by his bedside, and something puzzled and anxious in the man's appearance made Traynor raise himself on his elbow and say sharply:

"What's the matter, Lever? You look as if you were getting ready for a funeral."

"Well, sir, Manley, he's come up to ask if you know anything about Mr. Welsby, for there seems to be something wrong in his flat upstairs."

"Something wrong? What's wrong? Good Heavens, man, don't stand there looking like a death's head, what's the matter upstairs?"

"Well, sir, Manley doesn't know. But he took up Mr. Welsby's letters just now, and he said he couldn't make anybody hear, and he felt sure there was something queer going on, and he thought Mr. Welsby might have come in here last night, for he saw his scarf outside the door."

"Upon my word, our respected porter has the makings of a good detective, hasn't he, Lever?" Traynor exclaimed, with a short laugh. "I'll come and speak to him in a few minutes." When at the end of those few minutes he entered the sitting-room, he found Manley, the suave and portly porter of the block of mansions in which Traynor lived, was wearing a very perturbed expression on his usually impassive face.

"Is Mr. Welsby here, sir?" Manley, the porter of the flats, began at once. "I didn't like to call in the police, not quite off my own bat, as you might say, sir—but——"

"*The police?*"

"Well, yes, sir. There's something very wrong up in Mr. Welsby's flat, and, noticing his scarf outside your door, I thought I'd ask if he was here before I took any further steps."

Through Traynor's troubled mind there flashed disconcerting reflections of Welsby's unexpected appearance at two o'clock in the morning, and of the strangeness of his demeanour, but he replied quietly to the porter:

"What makes you speak of sending for the police? Has Mr. Welsby's flat been burgled, or what?"

"Worse than burglary, I'm afraid!" Manley's voice was low and hurried. He glanced towards the door with a quick backward glance. "There's sounds I don't like—and I should say some crime has been committed behind that door. Somebody's hurt."

"Somebody's hurt? Then for Heaven's sake run for a doctor, whilst Mr. Welsby and I go upstairs and see what has happened. Yes, yes, he is here! I'll fetch him. He was sleeping here last night."

The porter stared in puzzled amazement, a justifiable amazement as Traynor was acutely aware, for he realised that it must be as puzzling to Manley as it had been to him to understand what reason Welsby could have had for sleeping in another man's flat, when his own was merely one flight of stairs higher in the same building.

"You'd better go for a doctor," Traynor repeated, more firmly. "Mr. Welsby must decide for himself about the police. It may be quite unnecessary to call them"—and, with those words, Traynor went towards the room in which he had put his unwelcome guest to sleep, whilst the porter hurried off on his errand.

Welsby was standing fully dressed by the window, when Traynor, having knocked, entered the room in response to his "come in," and as he turned to greet his host, the latter noticed that the same look of fear was in his eyes as on the previous night. But he spoke with a certain forced jauntiness.

"Very good of you to take pity on me, but I mustn't trespass any longer on your hospitality. To tell you the truth, I—well, I had a bit of a shock last night."

"I am sorry!" Traynor answered courteously but drily. "And I am afraid you must be prepared for something a little unpleasant this morning. Manley has come to ask you to go up to your flat. He thinks something has happened up there."

"Happened?" Welsby's face blanched. "What do you mean—something has happened? What could have happened in an empty flat?"

"That is what we want you to come and find out," was the curt reply. "From what Manley tells us, I felt justified in sending him for a doctor whilst you and I go upstairs."

"A doctor? I don't at all understand!" Welsby palpably tried to simulate righteous indignation. "I fail to understand what seems like unwarrantable interference in——"

"Unwarrantable fiddlesticks!" Traynor said shortly. "I have not the slightest wish to mix myself up in your affairs, but you came to my rooms as a refuge—and naturally Manley has come here for you."

A sheepish look crossed the other man's face, and without another word he followed Traynor, and in silence the two men ascended the stairs to the flat above.

Welsby drew the latchkey from his pocket, and was on the point of inserting it in the lock when a sound from within made him start violently, and a low exclamation broke from his lips. His trembling hands prevented him from turning the key in the lock, and he looked at his companion, with a bewildered glance, which made Traynor say kindly:

"Let me open the door for you. Pull yourself together, man."

Welsby made an evident effort to obey the injunction, and the two men entered the little hall, which was a counterpart of the hall in Traynor's flat below.

In the gloom of the January morning the hall was very dim, and it was difficult to distinguish objects with any clearness, but the same sound that had startled them when they stood outside the door now drew them in the direction of the sitting-room whence it came. The door of the room stood wide open, but the room was in darkness, the curtains closely drawn, so that such daylight as there was failed to penetrate their thickness.

The sound of low, stifled groans drifted out of the darkness, the groans of a man in mortal agony, and Traynor stepped quickly forward to feel for the switch of the electric light.

"Don't—don't!" the other's voice said hoarsely, and Welsby put out a trembling hand. "It is no use you know what—who——"

"We must see at once what has happened. Whatever is in there," Traynor interrupted, with a note most foreign to his gentle nature, and, so saying, he switched on the light, flooding the room with radiance. And then both men saw that just within the doorway a man lay in a crumpled heap, the face downwards, and upon the pale colouring of the floor there was an ominously dark stain.

A low groan broke from the prostrate figure, and Traynor stooped down and touched the man gently, saying softly:

"Can you tell us what has happened?" But no answer came to his question, and it was quite evident that he was either unconscious or beyond the power of speech.

Welsby stood looking down at him with horror-stricken eyes and white face, whilst Traynor knelt upon the carpet, and very gently turned the prostrate man's head so that his face was visible. It was that of a young man of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, ashen in colour, with half-closed eyes. The hair that fell over the forehead was black, as also was the small moustache, and in both features and expression there was a certain indefinable likeness to Welsby himself.

"My God," the latter exclaimed, in accents of profound dismay, "it is Tom! Tom here! He looked into Traynor's grave, upturned eyes with a bewilderment in his own which the other man at once recognised as genuine.

"You know him?" Traynor's tones were hard cold.

"Know him? Yes, of course I know him. He is my cousin—Tom Welsby. I haven't seen him for ages; but there is nothing out of the way in that. Sometimes we don't meet for months at a time, and I can't understand how he comes to be here—and in such a plight. How did he get into the flat at all?"

Steps and voices on the stairs were at this moment audible, and the porter entered, followed by a short, stout man who looked sharply at Traynor and Welsby and announced himself as Doctor Curtis.

"What is wrong here?" he questioned, in curt tones that matched his personality, then, as his eyes fell upon the prostrate form on the floor, he knelt down upon the carpet and, without further words, proceeded to examine the patient. The other two men and Manley, the porter, stood silently watching him until after a few moments of silent investigation, he lifted his head and said shortly: "A stabbing case."

Traynor started and looked inquiringly into the face of the doctor. It gave him a shock of surprise to hear those same words in the course of so few hours. It seemed to him that a very short time had elapsed since the house-surgeon at St. Raphael's had come to him in the outer surgery to speak of the stabbing case he had brought in, and now this rather hard-faced doctor with the sharp eyes was using the same expression.

"A stabbing case," Doctor Curtis repeated, looking more searchingly at Traynor. "Is this your flat, sir?"

"No. My flat is downstairs." Traynor spoke as curtly as did his questioner. "These are Mr. Welsby's rooms, but——"

"Who is this man?" the doctor interrupted, indicating his patient with a jerk of his head, and turning his keen glance from Traynor to Welsby. "How does he come to be in this condition?"

"He is a cousin of mine—Tom Welsby," came the rather hesitating answer; "but how he came to be in this condition, or how he came to be here at all, I have not the ghost of an idea."

"You don't know how he comes to be in your flat?" the doctor asked emphatically, and with an incredulous note in his voice.

"I don't know in the least." Welsby's tone became firmer and more assured. "I was not sleeping at home last night, and my cousin's presence here is quite inexplicable to me."

"No doubt some explanation will be forthcoming," Doctor Curtis said drily. "Your cousin has been stabbed from behind with some sharp weapon—a dagger or a large knife. Most miraculously, he has

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Denis Traynor, a rising young author, goes to a Covent Garden ball one night in search of copy. After the ball is over he sees a girl outside the hall, seemingly terrified with fear.

She makes no attempt to call a cab, and finally hurries off in the direction of Drury Lane.

The lateness of the hour, the reputation of the neighbourhood, and the girl's dress—a low-necked, rose-coloured gown—cause Traynor to run after her and offer to escort her home.

The girl is pathetically grateful, but she only answers: "I—am—frightened! Oh, I am frightened!"

Traynor makes her take his arm. Then the tragedy happens. A man, whom Traynor has never seen before, springs towards him from the shadow of the wall, knife in hand.

"I'll do for you this time," he hisses.

The girl throws herself between the two men and receives the full force of the knife. She falls unconscious, and, in the excitement that follows, the assailant makes good his escape.

The unconscious girl is taken to St. Raphael's Hospital, accompanied by Traynor. He tells the whole amazing story to the house-surgeon, Michael Crispin, and, after leaving the address of his flat, he is allowed to depart.

He has not been home many minutes when stealthy steps on the stairs attract his attention. The steps stop outside his door, then his bell tinkles.

The intruder is a man named Welsby, who lives in the rooms above Traynor. The latter cordially detests him.

Like the lady in the rose-coloured gown, Welsby, too, is in a terrible state of fear. Despite the nearness of his rooms, he implores Traynor to put him up for the night.

Traynor grudgingly offers him the spare room, and then Welsby leans forward leeringly.

"You're a bit of a dog yourself, aren't you?" he says, "in spite of your quiet ways. I caught a glimpse of you at Covent Garden to-night. What did you do with the lady in the rose-coloured gown?"

Annoyed and disgusted with the man, Traynor leaves him.

"If you have everything you want, I will say 'good night'," he answers.

The lady in the rose-coloured gown does not really recover consciousness until the following morning. When she wakes her memory is a total blank. She cannot remember anything.

Nurse Dering, in charge of the case, sends for the house-surgeon, and, as he gives the girl an outline of what occurred in the early hours of the morning, her eyes grow round with amazement.

"I—don't know why I was at a Covent Garden ball," she says, "and I never heard of Mr. Traynor, and I can't imagine why I was so frightened. Only—" she shivers "the remembrance of the fear is still vividly with me; and the face, with the sneering eyes and evil smile, haunts me. But—I can't—remember anything else—neither my name—nor my address—nor why I wear this ring upon my finger"—and she holds out to the surgeon her left hand, on which shines a ring containing one large and very magnificent diamond.

(You can now read on.)

—Can you give me a good definition of a doctor? One is, "A 'patient' man." I want better.

not been killed, but he is pretty badly hurt. If you will help me we will get him into bed at once, and I will send round a nurse. I presume you will let the police know what has happened?"

"The police?" again that faltering note crept into Welsby's voice, but under the keen glance of the doctor's eyes, his own fell, and he muttered:

"Yes, yes, of course we must have the police in. I can't at all understand the whole business myself."

Further discussion was postponed whilst the four men lifted the unfortunate sufferer and carried him carefully from the sitting-room into an adjoining bedroom. Here he was laid upon the bed, and Doctor Curtis, having done all that was necessary for him, dispatched Manley to telephone for a nurse and then drew the two young men back into the sitting-room.

"Now I have no wish to pry, or ask unnecessary questions," he said abruptly, passing his hands through his grey hair, "but it is obvious, Mr. Welsby, that someone has attempted to murder your cousin, and in a peculiarly dastardly way."

"When did it happen?" Welsby asked. "I mean—can you at all fix the time when—when he was stabbed?"

"From the quantity of blood lost, and other symptoms, I should say he had been lying there some hours, but it is impossible to say quite exactly. You were not here yourself last night?"

"No." Welsby rather avoided those searching eyes of the doctor. "I came back late—and—well, to tell you the truth, I got a bad fright just as I came to the building, and I trespassed upon Mr. Traynor's hospitality."

"A bad fright?"

"Yes." The dusky colour climbed slowly again to Welsby's forehead. "When I left Covent Garden I was dimly conscious of being followed, and just outside these blocks of flats my dim consciousness became a certainty. Two men were dogging me, and as I was unarmed and practically defenceless, I was not anxious to come into contact with them. They followed me to the door of the building, and when I remembered that my servant had gone away for the night, and that my own flat was empty, I honestly confess I flinked going up to it.

"Every moment I expected to hear those stealthy footsteps on the stairs behind me—and I must own that I was in a state of sheer panic when I reached Mr. Traynor's door and asked for his help."

The words were spoken with such a show of frankness that they almost carried conviction to his two hearers; almost, but not quite, for a look of incredulity still lurked in Doctor Curtis' eyes—and even Traynor, that most unsuspicious of men, felt odd qualms of doubt.

"I am afraid I must have seemed absurdly panic-stricken when you so kindly let me in," Welsby added, turning to Traynor with a little smile.

"I certainly thought you were in deadly fear," was the dry response; "but of what, or whom, I had no idea."

"I wish I knew myself," Welsby replied glibly; "it was the mystery and uncertainty that upset me."

"And—your cousin—where was he?" Doctor Curtis interposed.

"I don't know at all." This time there was the ring of absolute genuineness in the words. "I had not seen him for months. We have never been in any way special friends; he lives the other side of town. How he came to be in my flat last night, and in the condition in which we found him, I have no more notion than the man in the moon."

CHAPTER V.

"Gladys—Why Can't You Love Me?"

"I CONFESS that the whole business is thoroughly distasteful to me, and I heartily dislike being mixed up in it. But I cannot deny that the lady I brought to the hospital saved my life last night, and I owe her a debt for that."

"There seem to be wheels within wheels, mysteries within mysteries." The words were spoken thoughtfully by Michael Crispin, the house-surgeon, who stood against the mantelpiece in his own sitting-room, looking into Traynor's perplexed countenance. "This second stabbing case which, as you know, has been admitted here has such a curious family likeness to the other. Is there any connection between them?"

"I am sure I don't know," Traynor answered, with a touch of irritability very foreign to him. "I do know that I register a vow never again to go to a Covent Garden ball. That was the beginning of my being mixed up with all these extraordinary things."

"And the lady you brought in last night is really quite unknown to you?"

"Good Heavens, yes, my dear sir! What reason should I have for telling lies about the thing? Surely by now you have found out all about her?"

"We are exactly where we were," Crispin answered calmly; "the shock, or the blow, or both have brought about a loss of memory—probably only temporary, but at present total. She can't even remember her name, and we have no clue whatever to her identity."

"Of course, you will find out who she is as soon as you advertise, and when the police take it up."

"Probably we shall have no difficulty in tracing her belongings. Meanwhile, her mind is a blank as regards all that happened before she awoke in the bed here, this morning. Only——"

"Only what?" Traynor asked, as Crispin's eyes scrutinised him earnestly.

"Well, I was going to say what may sound rather rude, only she has a recollection of some acute fear, brought about by a person who she describes as having a sneering smile and evil eyes. I was wondering——"

"Whether I am the person?" A smile crossed Traynor's fine features, whose loftiness of expression certainly did not seem to fit the description.

"Well, we want to leave no stone unturned to discover somebody or something by which to trace this poor girl," Crispin answered. "Would you very much object to coming into the ward and seeing her? Possibly the sight of you may awaken some traces of recollection in her mind."

"I can't pretend that I want to come into the ward," Traynor said; yet at the same time, far down in his inner consciousness, he was aware of a secret longing to look again at the face which for those few brief moments had lain against his breast, and it was not altogether unwillingly that he followed Crispin across the courtyard into Hannah Ward.

"Yes, Number Twenty is awake and quite conscious," the sister said, "but her loss of memory frets her very much, and if seeing this gentleman would awaken any train of thought in her mind it would be an immense relief."

But when she had escorted the house-surgeon and Traynor round the screens to the side of Twenty bed it was at once obvious that the visitor's refined and gentle features awoke no train of memory in the patient's mind. She looked at him without the smallest sign of recognition or apparent knowledge that she had ever seen him before. In fact, she imagined him to be one of the visiting physicians until Mr. Crispin said tentatively:

"I think you know this gentleman who has come to see you."

The wonderful dark eyes looked full into Traynor's face.

"Oh, no," she said, a faint colour tingeing the whiteness of her cheeks, "there must be some mistake! I have never seen you before unless"—her voice all at once faltered—"unless you saw me—in that awful nightmare of last night which I cannot understand or unravel."

"I did see you then," he answered, and something in the gentleness of his voice seemed to soothe the troubled girl; "but I am afraid I cannot help you to unravel the puzzle"—and he briefly told her how he had first seen her leaving the opera house and crossing the road towards Drury Lane. The whole story only occupied a few moments in the telling, and at its close the sick girl looked from one to the other of those who stood by her bed, an added bewilderment in her deep eyes.

"It seems to be more and more extraordinary," she said, a little wearily. "Perhaps some day I shall remember. Just now it is all like a thick mist in my mind, and I can't see through the mist. But I am very glad I was able to help you," she ended, with a sweet upward glance at Traynor—a glance that set his pulses throbbing in most unaccustomed and disconcerting fashion.

Possibly in order to mask his sensations even from himself, he turned to Crispin as they left the bedside and spoke almost brusquely.

"Can I see young Mr. Welsby?" he said. "His cousin, in whose flat he was found, is so completely knocked over by the affair that he felt unable to come to the hospital himself."

"Young Welsby has been delirious since he was admitted," Crispin answered; "but there would be no objection to your seeing him. I suppose you have no theories to account for the murderous attack on the poor chap?" he continued, as the two men made their way to the men's accident ward.

"I? Good Heavens, no!" Traynor's face expressed horror and dismay. "I never saw the man in my life till I went up to his cousin's flat this morning. My acquaintance with the cousin is of the slightest. As I said before, I am a very quiet, ordinary person, not at all in the habit of being involved in mysteries, and I hope they may never come my way again," he added with fervour as they paused beside a bed in the men's ward.

The man who lay upon it was a handsome young fellow, dark-eyed and with curly dark hair, but with no look of intelligence in the bright eyes that glanced restlessly and unseeingly at Crispin and Traynor.

"He is curiously like his cousin—the man I know," Traynor whispered; "but he is a good deal younger and pleasanter-looking."

"He is a good-looking young fellow," Crispin answered, a note of pity in his voice as the patient flung out his arms and broke into a torrent of incoherent words; "and he's pretty bad. Whoever it was that stabbed him did it pretty thoroughly and left him for dead. It's only by a miracle that he is still alive, and it will take another miracle to pull him through."

"Gladys!" the man in the bed cried out, a few words of sense suddenly emerging from the babble of meaningless sounds, "Gladys, why—why are you so cold to me? Why can't you love me better? You shall have every mortal thing you want in this world, only—try to love me, Gladys—Gladys!"

The leader made a significant sign with his hand which seemed to reduce his listener to a verge of panic.

CHAPTER VI.

A Lost Chance.

THE house was the last in the row, and the grimiest and most forbidding of all its companions.

Not a ray of light showed in any of its front windows; there was a black and sinister appearance about the whole building, which was reflected in the appearance of a man who crept up to it in the dusk of a January afternoon.

He cast furtive looks up and down the street before he mounted the steps of the forbidding mansion—11 Manway Street, and he looked nervously over his shoulder when his not very vigorous knock on the knocker reverberated within the house.

The knock was a curious one, palpably a signal of some description—two short knocks and one long—and the answer was prompt and immediate. The door swung open, and the man slunk quickly into a dark passage, whereupon the door was shut behind him with great promptitude.

"Back parlour!" a gruff voice at his elbow said shortly, and he slunk on down the passage and opened a door on his right which admitted him to a typical back room of a small London house.

A table, two chairs, and a camp bedstead formed the sole furniture of the cheerless apartment, and the chairs were occupied by two men, who looked up as the newcomer entered. Both men were well dressed and obviously belonged to a class not as a rule to be found in back parlours of houses in mean streets, and both men greeted their visitor with palpable scorn.

"So—you've messed up the easiest job ever given to man to do," said one of them, with a sardonic laugh.

"And played the fool twice over, too," put in the other. "Having made such a consummate ass of yourself once, what prompted you to do the same thing a second time?"

"I—thought—it was all right the second time!" the man stammered out, his shifty, red eyes looking furtively from one of his questioners to the other.

—For the best definitions I will give five Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Doc." (See page 1040.)

"I—made sure I was on the proper track the second time."

"Don't go on repeating that remark, you unutterable idiot!" the man seated at the head of the table exclaimed impatiently; "you've not done what you were sent to do, and the doomed man is not only still at large, but has also been well warned. He will take care not to give us another chance if he can help it. Forewarned is forearmed, and he is a coward, besides all the rest."

The furtive-eyed man muttered something inaudible under his breath, and the man at the head of the table, who evidently took the lead, said, with a sneer:

"Grumbling is useless, friend Mike. You failed—failed twice—and failed in perfectly imbecile ways."

"Then I suppose I get nothing for all my trouble?" Mike asked savagely.

"Get—nothing? Why, of course you get nothing. Do you suppose the—I mean, we, pay you to make mistakes, and such bad mistakes? Someone else will take on the job over which you have made such a confounded mess. As for you——" He shrugged his shoulders and made a significant sign with his hand, a sign which seemed to reduce his listener to the verge of panic.

"Oh, for God's sake, no, mister!" he implored, his face grown white as death, his eyes nearly starting from their sockets, his whole frame shaking in a very paroxysm of fear. "Give me one more chance, mister, only one more chance. I swear I won't bungle the job again! Give me another chance, and I'll pull it off this time. But don't—don't——" He broke off his sentence abruptly, his lips shaking, his eyes wide, his whole brutal countenance transformed into one abject mass of terror.

A sarcastic laugh broke from the lips of the man at the head of the table, his blue eyes looked at this pitiful exhibition of a fellow creature's abjectness with amused contempt.

"What do you say, Tony?" he asked, turning to his companion, a man of slighter build and more insignificant type of countenance, a man who would obviously always follow, never be a leader.

"I say do what you think best, Mat," came the reply. "Perhaps now the silly beggar is on his mettle he may, as he says, pull it off this time. But you know best."

"There's a good deal in what you say," the man called Mat answered thoughtfully, his eyes turning from his friend's face to that of the terror-stricken subordinate. "You are making rather an exhibition of yourself," he went on cynically, addressing himself to the white-faced, trembling creature; "but you've had a lesson. And if you get the one more chance you ask for, you can bet your bottom dollar it will be your last chance. You can try once again. Fail this time, and you know what will follow—as surely as night follows day."

A tinge of colour came back into the man's white face, he put out his hands with a tremulous gesture of gratitude. It was plain that whatever was the meaning of the reprieve granted to him, it involved issues of great moment.

"I'll do it, mister," he panted out. "S'elp me, I'll do it! I——"

"All right—all right"—the leader spoke impatiently, "do it—and do it without any more muddle. And remember"—his voice all at once took on a strange solemnity—"*if you fail again there is no escaping the penalty.* We should find you, even if you went to the uttermost parts of the earth."

For a moment his listener stared at him with dumb horror depicted on his degraded, frightened face. Then, still without uttering a syllable, he turned away, and going quickly out of the room and out of the house, was soon lost to sight amidst the gathering mists of the January evening.

* * * *

"If only I knew what to do? If only I could remember even the name of any single person who could help me!" The speaker, seated in the sister's room of Hannah Ward, looked into Nurse Edith Marley's face with eyes full of wistful trouble. "You have all been so good to me here, and you especially." A smile flashed over the lovely features. "But, now I am nearly well, and what is to happen to me next? I am simply a waif and stray, and nobody seems to want me."

The patient in "Hannah," who was known as Number Twenty, was indeed practically convalescent, and her afternoons and evenings were now chiefly spent in the sister's room, where her former special nurse had dropped in to see her before going on duty.

"Everything has been done to find out who you are?" Nurse Edith said interrogatively.

"Everything. Mr. Crispin has been more than good. All the hospital authorities have done their utmost for me, but no advertisements have brought any response; the police have entirely failed to find out who I am. It seems so childish, so idiotic to have lost one's own identity, and it is so profoundly tragic as well."

"There may be somebody somewhere who is agonising over your loss," Edith said thoughtfully.

"That is one of the worse parts of it. Who have I left on the other side of those mists that fill my mind? Who gave me this ring?" And just as she had once held out her hand to Michael Crispin, the house-surgeon, so now she held it out to Edith. The latter took it in hers, and her fingers softly touched the diamond that blazed upon its third finger.

"It is such a beautiful ring," she said. "Surely some man must have given it to you? Perhaps you have a sweetheart, who——"

"Who would surely have taken some trouble to find me in all these weeks," the other broke in impetuously. "Anyone who loved me would have moved Heaven and earth to discover what had become of me. No, if a man gave me this ring, then I don't think much of the man, that's all."

"It is most incomprehensible why none of your belongings have found you. The whole thing is so difficult to understand."

"Yes"—the patient frowned, as if trying in vain to search those inward places of her memory that refused to yield their secrets—"yes, it *is* all most difficult to understand. I don't feel as if I were a bit the kind of person who would want to be running about the streets alone after a ball. Yet there I was dependent on a stranger. What was I doing at Covent Garden alone in that lovely rose-coloured gown? If I had money, I would offer huge rewards to anybody who could tell me who I was, and what I was doing that night. But I haven't any money." And she laughed ruefully.

"You had some money in your rose-coloured bag," Edith said.

"There was exactly ten shillings and ninepence-halfpenny in the bag," was the answer, "not even enough to buy clothes. This dressing-gown belongs to sister. What am I to do when I am ready to leave the hospital? I can't be discharged in rose-coloured satin."

"But of course somebody will lend you all you want," the little nurse said eagerly. "And, oh, you dear, lovely thing, there must be some way for you out of this dreadful difficulty!"

"And when I do leave the hospital, what shall I do?" the patient's voice continued. "I have no home, nowhere to go, no money—unless I borrow it—no means of earning any money. What is going to become of me?"

The problem seemed hard indeed of solution, not only to the two women who discussed it in the sister's cosy sitting-room, but also to the two men who were discussing it in Traynor's flat.

Michael Crispin sat smoking by the fire, Traynor stood looking down on him from the hearth, whilst the house-surgeon said slowly:

"We are fairly puzzled what to do about the poor thing. We have to call her Number Twenty; we know no other name for her. And though we feel that, of course, she has no claim upon you, yet you are the only person to whom we can apply for advice about her."

"I am a total stranger to her, too," Traynor answered quickly—all the more quickly perhaps because of the sudden leap his heart gave at Crispin's words. "I am quite powerless to help her. What can I do? A bachelor, living alone, how can I help a lady in distress?"

"There is one obvious way of helping her," Crispin said jestingly, throwing away the end of his cigarette, and rising preparatory to departure. "Why not take the gift the gods have sent? Why not marry the nameless lady?"

"Why don't you marry the nameless lady?" The words swung to and fro in Traynor's brain with maddening reiteration, long after Crispin had left the flat, little realising the turmoil his lightly-uttered phrases would leave behind him.

"Why not marry the nameless lady?" The sentence danced before his eyes as he looked down into the fire, wrote itself across his bookcase, came between him and his writing, set themselves to a tune that sang itself into his brain. Of course, the suggestion was an absurd one, made irresponsibly in a mischievous moment, and not intended to be taken with any seriousness.

But he shut his eyes as he sat there by the fire after Crispin had gone, and for a few minutes he allowed himself the hitherto unknown luxury of a day-dream. She seemed to be standing there before him—the tall, slight form in its rosy draperies; he could see the clear purity of her face, the wonderful depths of her dark eyes, the dusky softness of her hair; he heard her low voice say:

"I am frightened—oh, I am frightened!"—and then, by a swift change of thought, he felt the clinging of her arms as she flung herself against him to save him from the murderous attack.

"Why not marry the nameless lady?"

The vision changed. He saw her white, still and helpless in the hospital ward; he heard the anguish in her voice when she declared that she could remember nothing. And he, as Crispin had declared, was the only person who seemed in any way to belong to her.

He, Denis Traynor, who had always held aloof from women as a hindrance to work; who nevertheless had always cherished an ideal of a not impossible she, who should one day sit upon the throne of his heart. He knew he already loved her in his heart. Why not marry her?

(Another instalment next week.)

SUDDEN DEATH JOBS.

All About the Dangerous Work of Railway Platelayers.

THERE are few worse jobs than that of the platelayer. None of the manual grades of the railway service can be regarded as a bed of roses; but the platelayers' work is amongst the hardest, the most dangerous, and the worst paid.

There are three kinds of platelayer: The [illegible] less skilled beginner who forms part of what is called the "rough gang," there is the "[illegible]nger," and the "charge-man."

The "rough gang," who work under the supervision of a foreman "ganger," renew the permanent way with the aid of one or two "gangers," who are told off to take the more skilled part. That is to say, the "rough gang" dig and fetch and carry and help lift the heavy sixty-feet rails, while the one or two "gangers" measure and adjust. As these rails weigh from ninety to ninety-five pounds per yard, considerable care must be exercised in handling them.

The special work of the "gangers" consists of taking out rails and reversing their ends. You will see why this is necessary if you remember how the wheels of a train are made—they are so made that there is more wear on the inside of the rail than on the outside. A few years ago, rails were made double-faced—so that the under side could be turned uppermost and used. But the modern "bull-head" rails are made with a double thickness on the upper surface.

Three Miles to Mind.

The charge-man platelayer is a sort of overseer. In country districts he is given three miles of line, and proportionately less round the big centres. He is entirely responsible for the up-keep of the "way" of his section. He must walk over and thoroughly examine it every morning and evening of a week-day, and at least once on a Sunday. He must possess an extensive expert knowledge of rails—how they are affected by changes in the weather, and so forth. He is also responsible for the proper draining of the way, and for the fences of adjacent fields.

For all this work and responsibility the chargeman receives in the country nineteen shillings or twenty shillings per week, and from eighteen shillings to twenty-five shillings in the cities. The "gangers" and "rough gangers" under him receive less. Altogether, the average wage of the platelayer in the United Kingdom is less than one pound per week.

And now for the dangers.

During a period of five years (ending 1911), 450 platelayers were killed, and 714 were injured.

Now it is utterly unnecessary that a single platelayer should be killed or injured by a passing train. His work is not of itself dangerous like that of the shunter.

Both Sides Are to Blame.

But it is not fair to blame the companies for these casualties. Nor can they be laid wholly against the carelessness of the men. As a matter of fact, the two are about equally responsible.

The men are to blame because they do not obey all the rules laid down by the company. They break these rules, one supposes, every day for a month. Nothing comes of it and they subconsciously argue that therefore nothing *will* come of it. And it is generally the Coroner who points the flaw in their reasoning.

The companies are to blame because they do not always provide the means of carrying out their own rules. Thus, the look-out men, whom they insist must be present, are frequently very old men, incapable of doing their work properly.

Much apparatus is used that looks very well—on paper. There is the laying of detonators, there is a system of flag-signalling, and there is a horn upon which the look-out man blows a code of signals which explain the direction of the train and the speed at which it is coming.

But none of these dodges are of any use when the gang splits up—and works separately in twos and threes—and this is when most accidents occur.

The problem of the platelayer is before Parliament, and several impending law cases are focussing public attention thereon. Many suggestions are being put forward, notably that of Mr. Geo. Wardle, M.P., that every man working on the permanent way should have an equally capable man to act as look-out. These and many other salutary measures may be passed into law. But in the meantime—don't be a platelayer if you can help it.

Most of my readers like dogs I am sure. I want a four-line verse on a dog. ☛

Soccer's Silent Signals

FOOTBALL is as full of private signs and clever tricks as many music-hall "mystery" turns worked with confederates are.

Players have many well-rehearsed and understood signals and moves between each other, and referees and linesmen have also systemized codes which are doubtless frequently a puzzle to the casual spectator.

Forwards are perhaps most given to signs and unexpected tricks, doubtless because they can afford

Only a Blind.
A centre-forward will sometimes upset the defence by pointing to the wing as if he is going to pass. The half-backs go to intercept the pass which never comes, and so give him a clear run.

to risk more than defenders, who must leave very little margin for error when guarding their goal.

A favourite dodge of some centre and inside-forward players is suddenly to point a finger in the direction of one of the wings. This is in order that when the ball is in mid-field either the outside right or outside left, whichever is indicated, may be able to prepare for a long pass, usually well ahead of him. By watching an inside colleague for some signal of his intentions, a winger can often get up speed simultaneously with the pass.

Sometimes, however, this method of "pointing a pass" is nothing less than a deliberate blind, an attempt to throw the opposing defence off its guard. For instance, a centre-forward in possession of the ball will sometimes point to his outside right

"Pass if you can!"
Notice the hand of the forward who is not marked by an opponent.

and shape to send the ball to him, only to swerve suddenly and pass in the opposite direction—to the outside left.

Another signal which often leads up to a goal is the "right through" one employed by an inside forward. Say that the centre-forward, closely beset by half-backs and backs, has the ball. Momentarily hesitating what to do with it, he catches sight of the inside right's hand swiftly thrust out with an underhand bowling motion. This signifies that the inside man sees a chance to race the backs for the ball if it is lofted over their heads or pushed along the ground behind them.

"Letting the ball run" is a dodge that often baffles a half or back. A forward poses to take a pass from a colleage, but, instead of stopping the ball as the player marking him expects, he lets it run on to another of his own side close by, opening his legs to let it pass between them, or raising his

"Letting the Ball Run."
A forward's dodge that always baffles the defence. The centre man here, instead of taking the pass, lets the ball run to his comrade, who is unmarked.

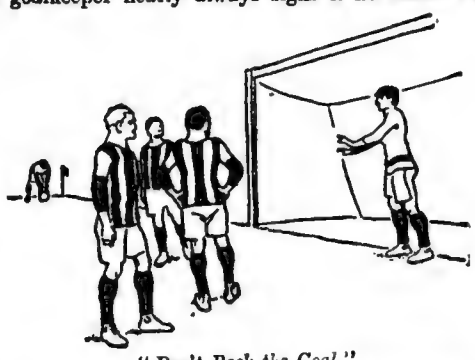
foot off the ground, and so allowing it to pass underneath. A player about to resort to this dodge sometimes claps his hands once to warn a colleague to be on the alert.

A favourite trick among half-backs lies in throwing-in the ball from touch to no one apparently. Instead of tossing it to any fellow player in the vicinity—who is certain to be "covered" by an opponent—a half will frequently throw it to some open spot, away from anyone seemingly. But the odds are that a wideawake colleague, who is familiar with the trick, and who has caught the thrower's nod or look at a certain spot, will be able to jump in quickly and get the ball.

All first-class backs and goalkeepers cultivate a knowledge of each other's tricks and mannerisms on the field, but they usually have to act so swiftly—often on the spur of the moment—when dealing with the ball near goal that they have no time for elaborate signals or the opportunity of using them if they had any.

Usually a shout of "yours!" is all they have time for. Still, many goalkeepers have signals, well understood by the rest of their side, which they can make use of on occasions.

In dealing with free, or corner kicks, for example, a goalkeeper nearly always signs if he wants his



"Don't Pack the Goal."
A goalkeeper's signal to his men when a corner-kick is being taken.

goal packed or left open. For a packed goal he beckons towards himself, for an open one he shakes his hands away from himself. To the uninitiated looker-on it may seem that the arm and hand movements which goalkeepers indulge in at critical moments are merely gymnastic or nervous ones—but they often contain important wireless telephonic messages.

A dodge that frequently means a goal unless the referee penalises it, is the following—one team is given a free kick within straight scoring distance of its opponent's posts. The apparent kicker places the ball carefully and shapes to make a short pass to a colleague standing a few yards off. Instead of kicking the ball at all, however, the "spoof" kicker jumps over it, leaving it for the man he was seemingly going to touch it to to rush at and shoot

Juggling with a Free Kick.
One forward will run towards the ball and lightly skip over it. A comrade following on his heels, bangs the ball at the goal. This is very puzzling to the defence, and some referees will not allow it.

hard into goal. However well the second man may be marked, he has a big advantage in his fore-knowledge of the proposed trick.

One of the hardest things that a referee has to do is to make his whistle heard when thousands of excited people are yelling at the top of their voices. Realising this, most referees have a habit of slowing down or actually standing still directly they have whistled, and of running on and vigorously shaking their head in the negative when the play is to go on.

In face of the crowd's noise many referees never attempt to whistle for a corner-kick to be kicked, but signify that all is ready by a wave of the hand; while in the knowledge that the sound of the whistle makes players move who should not move at the moment, some referees give the signal for the taking of a penalty kick by word of mouth only.

AFTER THE STRIKE IS OVER.

Things that Will Boom Once the Coal War is Settled.

THE Navy will cease to rely on coal as a fuel. All recent battleships have been built to burn oil as well as coal. Battleships built henceforward, however, may use oil alone.

EVER since the railway strike there has been a steady revival in Britain's once important canal traffic. The coal strike has hastened this movement. Many motor-barges, such as are used in Holland and Belgium, are being built.

THE run on oil will mean that many Scottish villages, now deserted and in ruins, will be rebuilt. Scotland is the only part of the kingdom which produces oil, and the only country in the world in which it does not come from wells, but mines.

NEW types of engines are likely to appear on our railways. The Great Eastern, the only line that did not suffer from the coal strike, has for years burnt oil on many of its expresses. During the strike the Great Western has been experimenting with a solid form of oil fuel.

WITH the steady disappearance of the steam engine in favour of the electric motor, our cities will soon grow almost smokeless. An electric power station can consume hundreds of tons of coal a week without sending out any more smoke than the factories it supplies with power, which themselves, of course, are smokeless.

A BOOM in oil will probably come about. The world's output of oil has risen in five years from seven to twelve thousand millions, and can be increased indefinitely. But the boom is being delayed by the scarcity of the special "tank" steamers that convey the oil. Over thirty have been hurriedly ordered within the last two months.

THE housewife will find cooking and ironing cleaner and easier tasks, for the electric cooker and electric iron are rapidly taking the place of the coal fire. In London alone electric cookers have recently been fitted up at the rate of two thousand a week.

BRITAIN will have a keen duel to fight with America for the Continental coal market. Nine-tenths of the coal used in Italy and Sweden has hitherto come from Britain. These countries are now buying heavily from the United States.

COAL merchants expect household coke to play a much bigger part in their business than it has done hitherto. Thousands of householders have recently tried it for the first time.

THE strike has brought home to most people the fact that the ordinary fire-grate is a very extravagant method of heating rooms, sending three-fifths of the heat up the chimney. Architects and builders expect a large demand for steam-heated houses. American cities are all heated by steam.

ONE curious little result of the strike is the probable introduction of metal discs for slot gas meters, in place of pennies. During the recent widespread distress thousands of slot meters have been robbed every week.

BRITAIN will probably have peace from great strikes for at least a couple of years, owing to the way in which the funds of the great trade unions have been drained away in out-of-work pay.

HANGED FOR BURNING COAL.

IT is a most extraordinary fact that whilst, for the last few weeks, everyone has been calling upon Parliament to pass a Bill for the compulsory production of coal, not so very many years ago a similar agitation was on foot to prevent English citizens from burning this "noxious fuel."

For when coal was first introduced into England, its progress met with opposition from every quarter. Parliament at length, in answer to the voice of the populace, petitioned the King, asking him to prevent the fuel being burnt. As a result, a Royal Proclamation was issued to prevent its use.

This failed, however, and finally a law was passed which rendered anyone who burnt coal liable to punishment, and to have their furnaces destroyed.

In the Tower of London there are papers which testify to the fact that a citizen of Edward I. was hanged for the crime of burning coal. If, as some say, dead men's spirits walk the earth, the ghost of this unfortunate individual must have rejoiced exceedingly over the coal strike.

—For the best verse I will give five shillings. Mark postcards "Dog." (See page 1040.)

SWORDS TO STOP SCORCHERS.

Amazing Ways of Pulling Up Motorists.

Two members of a French gang of thieves recently stole a big motor-car and were scorching away with it through the streets of Paris when they were hailed by a policeman.

They paid no attention, but tried to push on.

Momentarily stopped by a block in the traffic, they were pounced on by another policeman, who sprang on to the step.

Without the slightest hesitation one of the two miscreants shot the unfortunate officer dead, and the car drove off at full speed.

The crime has created a tremendous sensation in France, and M. Lepine, the famous chief of the Parisian police, has issued orders to his men to run their sword bayonets at once into the tyres of any cars, the drivers of which do not stop when ordered to do so.

A Thick Rope Across The Road.

This is not the first time that the police have adopted similar extraordinary methods for stopping motorists. Four years ago Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, wife of the well-known American millionaire, was being driven along a road near New York when the chauffeur suddenly came upon a thick rope tightly stretched from one side of the road to the other.

Only by immediate application of all his brakes was a most serious accident avoided. As the car stopped, two policemen stepped out and took the name of the owner.

In the parks of Cincinnati, Ohio, the speed limit is six miles an hour. In order to enforce this absurd regulation the superintendent had made a number of six-foot planks of thick timber, and studded with long nails, the ends filed to sharp points. These were given out to the police, with orders to throw them in front of any motor-car which *seemed* to them to be exceeding the speed limit. The very natural result was that cars gave up using the park roads altogether.

"Please, Don't Shoot!"

Still more drastic was the method employed to stop the car of the famous Chicago meat packer, Mr. Ogden Armour. His wife was driving on a Chicago boulevard when a policeman deliberately emptied his revolver into the tonneau.

Five bullets were fired, and it was a miracle that neither of the occupants, Mrs. Armour and her little daughter, Loleta, were wounded. Both were made ill by the shock.

Asked what he meant by his extraordinary conduct, the policeman declared that the car was exceeding the speed limit, and that he took the only means which occurred to him at the moment of calling their attention to the fact.

The incident was of course reported far and wide, and a few days later a sensation was caused by the appearance of two large cars driven by men in fifteenth-century armour, and bearing large placards with the words, "Please, don't shoot!"

Talking of shooting at cars, a Parisian policeman recently stopped a suspected car by putting a bullet from his pistol through one of the back tyres.

Nails and Glass to Stop Smugglers.

All sorts of devices are being used to stop the smugglers' cars which run from Belgium into France. The roads are strewn with nails and broken glass, and iron chains are run across from side to side.

But the daring smugglers laugh at such obstacles. The cars they use are fitted with steel brushes fixed below the radiators to sweep away the nails or glass. Their latest invention is an arch of solid steel rails running from the bonnet to the back of the car and so arranged as to force upwards and clear the machine of any steel cable fixed across the road.

Their enormous profits enable them to use the very finest cars.

Our own police have for the most part been content with the prosaic method of stepping out and holding up one large hand. But not long ago Ripley Road motorists, running after dark between Ripley and Guildford, got a series of shocks by hearing loud reports which seemed to come from the hedge.

These were police signals for the car to be stopped on the pretext that the back number plate was obscured, either by mud or the failure of the back lamp.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Balloting for Bills.**
2. **Blind Alley Occupations.**
3. **Frankenstein.**
4. **Day of the Ear of Corn.**
5. **Puisne Judge.**
6. **Lèse Majesté.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want *you* to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Thursday, April 18th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 70.

(1) GILBERTIAN SITUATION.

F. B. Goode, 400 Southampton Road, Eastleigh, Hants, supplied the explanation of this phrase selected as the best. It was worded as follows:

A "Gilbertian Situation" is one in which serious persons are placed in such burlesque positions as to become extremely ludicrous. These situations are so-called because they occur so frequently in H.M.S *Pinafore* and other comic operas by Gilbert and Sullivan.

(2) PUTTING ONE'S FOOT IN IT.

The winner, Miss Morten, 64 Buller Road, Preston, Brighton, contributed the following explanation:

This is a colloquialism of uncertain origin implying a stupid blunder more usually in speech than action, which will have unfortunate results for the perpetrator. A careless, unpremeditated remark to a rich relative, or one's *fiancé* is often spoken of in this way.

(3) FIASCO.

The attempt submitted by the winner, F. Freeman, 46 Dunvegan Gardens, Eltham, Kent, read as follows:

An Italian word used originally to show displeasure at a faulty note or indifferent rendering of a passage by a singer. The literal meaning is "flask," or "bottle," and the allusion was probably to its bursting. It has now come to mean any ridiculous breakdown or failure.

(4) PILLARS OF HERCULES.

For the explanation which follows, the prize has been awarded to J. Hedley Ince, 38 Mitford Road, Hall Lane, Armley, Leeds:

The two rocks, Calpe, Rock of Gibraltar, and Abyla, Ceuta, forming the western entrance to the Mediterranean. Traditions say the rocks were torn asunder by Hercules to connect the Atlantic and Mediterranean, that they were fixed to make a bridge, and also to narrow the strait to exclude ocean monsters.

(5) IDES OF MARCH.

The explanation selected as the best, which won the prize of 10s. 6d., *was contributed by W. A. Bell, Royal School, Cavan, Ireland, and read as follows:*

For convenience of reckoning, the Roman month had three fixed dates: Kalends, Nones, Ides, the last generally the thirteenth, but in March the fifteenth. Julius Cæsar was murdered on this day, B.C. 44, which, thereafter was regarded as a day of ill-omen, on which it was unlucky to transact business.

(6) IMPRESARIO.

The prize winner, G. Young, 109 Grosmont Road, Plumstead, gave the following definition of the above term:

A word used to denote an organiser of public entertainments, usually the manager or conductor of an opera or concert party. Derived from the Italian word *impresa*, meaning enterprise, or *impresario*, a contractor or undertaker of business.

"I'M A THOROUGH BAD LOT."

By ETHEL WARWICK.

(After playing heroines for most of the twelve years that she has been on the stage, Miss Ethel Warwick has now become one of the "worst women in London," and, as Marcel Rigadout, the Woman who doesn't care, in "Woman and Wine," she nightly receives boos and hisses from the audience. How Miss Warwick regards her descent from cheers to jeers she tells in the following article.)

I AM at present earning my living by being hissed, and the more I am hissed the greater success I am.

That may seem an astonishing thing to say, but it is literally true. What cheers after a scene are to most actors and actresses, jeers are to me. For—on the stage, I mean—I am a thorough bad lot.

How do I like being hissed night after night? Well, the aim of everyone who acts is to portray a character in such a way as to achieve the greatest possible amount of appreciation. In my present part hissing is the best compliment that an audience can pay me, and so, in a way, the more I am hissed the better pleased I am. Hissing shows me that I am bringing out the abandoned villainies of the woman I am pretending to be as they were meant to be brought out.

Cheers For a Change.

I get booed, louder and louder, as the play goes on, through three acts, but, funnily enough, a change comes over the scene then, and at the end of the third act, when I take my "calls," I am generally rewarded with a great outburst of cheers.

Perhaps the audience are so relieved that I have been "killed" by then, or perhaps they are sorry for their previous attitude towards me, and want to "make it up."

Another time that cheers beat jeers while I am on the stage is at the moment when it is suggested that my dead body may soon be found lying in the Morgue in Paris. This suggestion is always received with a roar of approval.

Even people who regard me as more or less a nice person in real life are sometimes seriously annoyed with me as Marcel Rigadout on the stage.

My Nephew and My Villainies.

My small nephew (we are really great friends, he and I) was recently taken to see the play. He appears to have looked upon me with disapproval all through, and so worked up and incensed with my villainies did he ultimately become, that at the moment when my lover holds a knife over me and threatens, "Say that word—and I'll kill you!" my young relative could contain himself no longer, and cried out passionately: "Why *doesn't* he kill her, mother?"

It is not often that I get execrations like this from the stalls in London, but the pit and gallery are most industrious and outspoken in saying what they think of me. Women are generally more down on me than men, but I have known at least two instances where men seemed to carry their resentment outside the theatre, a very uncommon state of affairs this.

"I'm Glad She Ain't My Missis!"

Once when I was coming out of the stage-door to go home, a burly costermonger, who was waiting about, gazed angrily into my face, and then, speaking to everyone around in general, and no one in particular, remarked in tense tones:

"Lor' lummy! I'm glad she ain't *my* missis!"

On another occasion, as my husband was entering the stage-door to take me home after the performance, a galleryite, who evidently knew him by sight, observed in a sad voice: "There's 'er 'usband—pore feller!"

Now that I am a villainess I seem to have an increased number of masculine admirers does this mean that men like "bad" women better than "good" ones? And nearly every evening after the show a sort of bodyguard of six lads' newspaper boys, I should say—stands at the door of my flat and bids me "Good-night!"

I have also a set of girl admirers, some of whom periodically write me letters, and many of whom have seen *Woman and Wine* thirty or forty times already.

See the splendid prizes won by competitors on the first page. Have a try for one yourself.

MIDDLES

Supposing a friend said to you, "Send me a fiver old man." What would you reply?

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

THE SPY.

"I SUPPOSE," said Pincher reflectively, "that there must be somethin' in this craze for takin' holidays abroad, but give me Margate!"

"What are you thinking about holidays for now?" I asked. "Easter is just over, and you had a holiday then."

"Ah," said Pincher, and commenced to mutter to himself.

"You said you were going abroad," I observed. "Why don't you go after all?"

Pincher eyed me sadly.

"Oh, I went all right," he said, "goin' to do the Continong in style I was! More fool me!"

I laughed.

"Oh, you can't expect to get used to their customs in a few days," I said, "now if you'd been there a month you——"

"A month!" roared Pincher. "Three days of their bloomin' customs was enough for me. Lor', I'd sooner do a month nice an' respectable in Holloway than have them three days over again. A more suspicious, ignorant lot I never came across! Wot do you think they took me for, guv'nor?"

I shook my head.

"A spy, that's wot the fools said I was, an' they very near scared me to death, they did. They call their coppers jonlarms, an' give 'em little swords; six blanked swords I had in the small of my back when the blighters ran me in. Talk about the advantages of foreign travel, well I ain't seen none, an' it's me for Margate or Southend next time!"

I pushed over the decanter, and advised the little man to soothe himself, and start the story from the beginning.

"It was like this," said Pincher, composing himself by a great effort, "I read in the papers that there was goin' to be a cheap trip on the Thursday before Good Friday, returnin' either on the Sunday or Monday. Twenty-five bob it was, an' bein' fairly flush at the moment I decided to go; so did a lot of other fools, an' there was a rare crowd at the terminus just when sensible people are thinkin' about goin' to bed.

"It was past eleven w'en the special train left London. I'd got to the station early an' got a corner seat, but, as four big men had edged themselves into the same seat, I'd have changed it willingly for the rack if they'd have let me. I'd planned to have a sleep in the train, but, lor', it was as much as I could do to breathe let alone sleep, an' I was thankful w'en after three hours' torture we got to Dover an' was turned out on to a stone wall which was called the Harbour Station.

"Lor', how it blew, an' there was just enough room to show you the nasty-lookin' waves which I'd much sooner not have seen. As soon as I got on the boat I went down to have a drink to cheer me up, but a crowd had got there before me, an' before I could get near the bar we'd put out to sea, an' I was past cheerin' up. I laid down on the deck after a big fight to get to it, but no one took any notice except to cuss w'en they fell over me.

"Up an' down went the bloomin' ship, every now an' then makin' horrible noises which alone was enough to upset you, until at last I heard some cove say we were near Calais.

"Owin' to the rough weather or somethin' we had to hang about outside, but by then I was feelin' well enough to go to the bar, an', havin' cheered myself up a bit, I was kiddin' myself I'd enjoyed the voyage w'en we got into the calm water of the harbour.

"Well, I nipped off the boat quick, determined not to let anyone get ahead of me this time, an' I reached the refreshment-room well in front of a rare crowd, for the train was to start again in a quarter of an hour, an' there was no dinin' car on it.

"But, lor', do you think I could make 'em understand that I wanted a small Bass? Not me, I shouted at the top of my voice, but it was no use, an' at last I took a bottle of weak-lookin' red stuff that the girl called 'vang,' only she couldn't go slow enough to say it proper. It took me a long time to pay for it, for not understandin' her I kept puttin' down the smallest of the coins I'd got changed into foreign money so as I shouldn't over pay, then I went off to a quiet corner an' enjoyed the rest. I finished the bottle, findin' it wasn't such bad stuff after all, an' then I reckon I must have gone to sleep for I woke up with a start, findin' someone shakin' me. He was a chap with a lot of gold lace on him, so I raised my hat quite polite.

"'Have we reached Gay Paree?' I says affable.

"'Calais,' he says.

"'Pardong,' says I. 'Paree, that's where I'm booked to,' an' I showed him my ticket.

"With that he got terribly excited, danced about like a blanked lunatic, an', as things came clearer to me, I saw I was still in the refreshment-room an' there was quite a little crowd lookin' at me.

"Well, guv'nor, though I couldn't understand his jabber, I understood as how I'd missed my train, an' kept askin' wot time was the next one. Several other official-lookin' coves came up, an' last of all a chap wot could talk English.

"He wasn't wot you might call affable, in fact without bein' unkind to him I might say he was rude, so far as his knowledge of the language I understood would let him go. But in the end he said my ticket wasn't available by any of the ordinary trains, but there was an excursion leaving late in the afternoon, an' I could go by that.

"It was then only breakfast time, so I had breakfast, gettin' him to interpret wot I wanted w'en he'd calmed hisself a bit, an' then I asked if I could go for a stroll round the town. Him an' half-a-dozen other coves had an argument, an' then he said I could, so I got up an' bowed an', after payin' for the coffee an' rolls which them benighted people seem to think is as good as a meal, I set off for a stroll.

"Ever so far I walked, an' presently I came to quite a pretty little seaside village. The sun was shinin' by then, an', feeling a bit tired, I sat down on the sands an' rested; an' while I was sittin' there I spotted a house quite close to the sea—a big house an' a place that the rankest amateur could have cracked with ease.

"Mind you, guv'nor, I wasn't out to do business in a country where I couldn't understand a word of the blanked language, but I thought if I made a few notes I might strike some pal wot understood French, an' then we could come over an' do the job later on.

"I went up to the place, but I'd scarcely started drawin' a picture of the easy windows an' so on, w'en I heard a fierce voice jabberin' in my ear an', turning round, I saw a cove in a peaked cap holdin' his sword very close to my ribs.

"'Pardong,' I says, an' raises my hat.

"But it didn't have no effect, guv'nor, an' then up came another of the coves in peaked caps, handlin' his sword as though he meant business. For a moment, guv'nor, I thought I must be much better known than I imagined, an' that they'd tumbled to my game; but, when a third fierce lookin' cove—he'd got a sword, too—came up with two more of the bloomin' police of the country, I began to understand that they took me for a spy, for just in front of the big house was a tin-pot lookin' fort.

"Well, I explained, an' the fierce lookin' cove jabbered a bit, but as we couldn't understand each other, it wasn't much use; an' the only thing they did make me understand was that I'd got to march in front of 'em, an' they did that by stickin' their swords in the middle of my back.

"The court or wotever it was wasn't sittin' that day, an' so they shoved me into a cell an' left me. Political prisoner I was, supposed to be treated extra kind; an' if that's so, the ordinary prisoner in that village quod has my sympathy, guv'nor.

"Late in the afternoon of the next day it was w'en I came up before some rum lookin' birds wot looked very fierce, an' there was an interpreter there to tell them wot I said an' tell me wot they said, an' I could have laughed if I hadn't been in such a funk.

"I explained to the interpreter cove that I was only on a holiday an' had missed my train to Paris, an' I showed him the ticket.

"'But why you make ze picture?' says he.

"'It's a picture of the house behind the fort,' I says very quick, 'it was such a pretty house, an' I am a artist.'

"With that one of the coves on the bench had a look at the drawin' an' nodded, an' then he showed it to the other, an' they nodded, an' there was a lot of talk an' shruggin' of shoulders.

"Then the interpreter told me that I was discharged, so to speak, but that if I'd been a better artist the coves with the swords would never have taken the drawin' for a plan of the fort; so it was my fault that I'd been arrested.

"It was evenin' w'en I got back to Calais, an' the return excursion left at eight, an' it brought me home. Luckily it was a calm crossin', but as it was I wasn't wot you might call happy. Twenty-five bob I paid for that trip, guv'nor, to say nothin' of refreshments, an' it will be a bloomin' long time before I do any more Continental travellin'."

(Another of Pincher's Yarns Next Week.)

"They took me for a spy, for just in front of the big house was a tin-pot looking fort."

"You know," said a smart young man to a girl, "someone has said that if you want a lasting pair of boots, make the soles out of the tongue of a woman."

"Yes," replied the girl, "and for the uppers you ought to take the cheek of the man who said it."

SHE: "You are always talking about the fashions. Do you think that you would know the latest fashions in hats if you were to enter a milliner's?"

He: "Certainly!"

She: "How?"

He (ruefully): "By asking the prices."

APRIL'S REALLY DRY.

OF all the fairy tales concerning the weather the most absurd is that April is a month of sun and showers and warm sou'-westerly breezes.

As a matter of actual fact April is one of the driest months in the whole year. In the south-east of England, including London and its surrounding counties, the average April rainfall is only 1·64 inch. That of March, reputed the driest month, is 1·46, while May's rainfall is nearly a quarter of an inch in excess of April's.

Not only is April a dry, but also a very cold month. April 10th to 15th is a notoriously cold period.

Last year, the hardest frost of the whole winter came at the end of the first week in April. Even in Devonshire the thermometer went to ten degrees below freezing point on the night of April 7th, 1911.

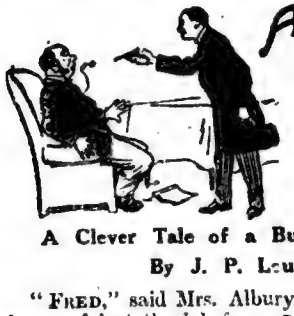
All over the western part of Europe April is a month which is justly dreaded for its severity. Even in Spain this is the case. In central Spain there is an old story that a shepherd promised March a lamb if he would temper the winds to suit his flocks.

March did so, but the faithless shepherd failed to keep his promise. In revenge, March borrowed three days from April, which were worse weather than any experienced in March.

MIDDLES

Prizes bigger than ever this week. Turn to the first page and enter the contest now.

—One clever reply is, "Your friendship is too dear!" I want better.



A £1,000 Cheque

A Clever Tale of a Burglar and Bluff.

By J. P. Laughnan.

"FRED," said Mrs. Albury solemnly—"Fred, I know of just the job for you. Since you went to prison last time I've been charing for old Sam Sprowl, the Corn King, wot lives in Mayfair and is as rich as Krosis."

"Indeed?" returned Fred, eyeing his mother with an air of sarcastic disbelief. "And I suppose you expect me to step up to the old gentleman's front-door and ask him for a thousand quid, eh?"

"Well, not 'zactly that, Fred, but you can get a thousand, if you do just wot I tells you."

"And what may that be?" asked Fred, still rather doubtfully.

"Listen to me," said Mrs. Albury. "This old Sam Sprowl he lives alone in that big house of his, 'cept for a young man-servant wot cooks his victuals, and me wot goes in there every morning to wash up and clean the 'ouse. Now, if you was to get that there man-servant out of the way, and I was to leave the area door unlocked, you could nip in one morning and arrange about the money."

"But surely he don't keep thousands of pounds in the house with him?" queried Fred.

"No, no, of course he don't," returned Mrs. Albury; "but if you takes your dear ole dad's revolver wiv' you, and point it at his head, the ole boy will soon write you out a cheque for anything you like.

"He's a most 'centric ole chap, always a-writin' cheques for everybody. Why, bless you, he pays all his tradesmen by cheque, and me as well. Fancy me a-walkin' into the Mayfair Bank every Saturday mornin'!"

"But surely I couldn't safely ask for a thousand?" said Fred.

"Oh, yes, you could!" replied Mrs. Albury. "When I was dustin' his room yesterday I seed a letter from the Hospital for Injured Infants, expressin' gratitood for his kind promise of a thousand pounds, and sayin' as how they'd send a representative to see him next Monday about it. So all you have to do is just to nip in to-morrow and get the hospital cheque, and then I think we'll go to Australy."

"And how about this young man-servant?" inquired Fred.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied Mrs. Albury. "He's got an ole mother down at Peckham, so all we've got to do is for you to get one of the boys to run down there to-morrow and send off a wire saying that the ole lady is very ill. Then poor young Parker will get leave off, and as soon as he's gone you can just nip in by the area door an' collect that there cheque. Now do you understand?"

Fred Albury looked at his mother in undisguised admiration.

"Father always said you were a remarkable woman," he declared; "and now I know the old 'un was right. I'll go and fix things up at once!"

* * * *

Mr. Sam Sprowl, the Corn King, sat in his handsomely appointed sitting-room on the first floor of his Mayfair residence reading the morning paper. He sat in a comfortable armchair by the side of a roaring fire, while over on the other side of the room, near the window, stood his writing-table, covered with letters, papers, and cheque-books, for Mrs. Albury had spoken the truth when she declared that one of this eccentric old gentleman's whims was the writing of cheques.

The clock had just struck ten when there came a knock on the door, and a nice-looking young man entered the room.

"Hullo, Parker," exclaimed Mr. Sam Sprowl, looking up over his glasses. "Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, please, sir," stammered the young man, holding out a telegram in his left hand, "I've just received this, sir, about my poor mother!"

Mr. Sam Sprowl took the paper from his servant's trembling fingers and read the following message:

"Mother very ill. Fear worst. Come at once.—SMITH."

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Sprowl; "you must be off this minute!"

Three minutes later Parker shut the front door behind him, and ran hastily down the street.

He had scarcely disappeared round the corner when a neatly dressed man, who carried a small leather bag in one hand, trotted carelessly down the area steps of Mr. Sam Sprowl's house and let himself in through the servants' entrance.

Making his way up into the front hall, Mr. Fred Albury hung his hat up, and then mounted the stairs until he came to the first floor. Here he paused for a moment, as though trying to recall some instructions, then, knocking on the door of Mr. Sprowl's sitting-room, he walked boldly in.

The Corn King looked round with a start, and then eyed his visitor suspiciously.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he demanded.

"I want a thousand pounds, old sport!" replied Fred, pulling out his dad's revolver, and presenting the muzzle at Mr. Sprowl's head. "I want a cheque for a thousand pounds, and sharp's the word, because I haven't much time to waste."

Mr. Sprowl turned very white, and his jaw dropped. Then he slowly rose to his feet, and, still under cover of the pistol, moved thoughtfully over to his writing-desk. When he was safely seated he looked up, and said in a muffled voice:

"A thousand pounds? In whose favour is the cheque to be drawn?"

"Allan," replied Fred briskly. "Thomas Allan, Secretary, Hospital for Injured Infants. Uncrossed cheque, mind, and do it quick."

Old Sprowl looked first at Fred, then at his cheque-book, and then a thoughtful smile spread slowly over his face.

"Well, you're a pretty cool hand," he said. "However, I suppose there's nothing for it but to humour you."

"Nothing," agreed Fred—"nothing at all! So please be quick, guv'nor."

With a whimsical shrug of the shoulders, old Mr. Sprowl took up a pen and began to make out the cheque, while Fred, putting his bag on the floor, opened it with his disengaged hand and produced a coil of rope and a gag. By the time he had done this the cheque was completed.

Fred glanced at the cheque, and put it in his pocket.

"Now, look here, guv'nor!" he said, "I've got to tie you up and gag you, so as to give myself a fair start, see? Are you going to take it quietly, or shall I have to knock you on the head first?"

Mr. Sprowl spread out his hands. "My young friend," he said, "I could not possibly get the better of you in a struggle, so I propose to give in."

"You're a sensible man," returned Fred, pocketing his revolver, "and you may take it from me that I won't tie you any tighter than is necessary."

A few seconds later the Corn King was lying securely trussed and gagged on his own sofa. Then Fred picked up his bag once more, hurried downstairs and out of the house. Arriving at the bank, he pulled out his cheque, endorsed it with a flourish, and pushed the slip in under the bars that ran along the counter.

A well-groomed cashier picked up the cheque, glanced at it, and then turned it over to see the endorsement. Apparently satisfied with that, he next turned it over once more and looked more carefully at old Sprowl's wavy handwriting.

It seemed hours to Fred Finch before the cashier raised his eyes and spoke.

"I'm afraid we cannot cash this cheque," he said pleasantly.

"Not cash it?" exclaimed Fred in a tone of genuine astonishment. "But what's the matter with it? I saw Mr. Sprowl draw it himself. Surely the account is all right?" he added in a whisper.

"Oh, the account is all right!" laughed the cashier, "but this cheque is out of order. Look, it's post-dated. You cannot cash it until April, 1913." And he pushed it back to Fred, with a finger on the date.

And Fred, looking at the date, read: "Monday, April 15th, 1913." It was dated exactly one year ahead! The substitution of that last "3" had deprived him of a cool thousand!

For a few moments the bank seemed to swim before his eyes. Then he made one last appeal.

"Could you not possibly cash it?" he said. "The Injured Infants are badly in need of funds."

But the other still shook his head. "You must get the date altered and initialled," he said; and with these words ringing in his ears Fred left the bank and turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Sprowl's house in order to get him to put matters in order.

Just as he turned the corner of the street he saw Parker enter the house. And so he lay low for the next week or two, thinking out other plans for making money.

£250 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the teams taking part in seventeen matches to be played on Saturday, April 20th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various teams, and decide in each case which team you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the team which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a *draw* don't cross out either.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature in ink of the competitor. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her **real** address. Unless this condition is complied with the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "FOOTBALL NO. 34." in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, April 19th.
5. Only one coupon may be sent by each reader.
6. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. Should no competitor give the correct result of all the matches played £25 will be awarded to the competitor from whom we receive the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided, and, in the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.
8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
9. The Editor does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
10. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
11. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
12. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

RESULT OF CONTEST No. 30.

IN this contest competitors were asked to forecast the results of football matches played on Saturday, March 23rd.

The prize of £25 has been divided by the following competitors who had each only two incorrect results:

H. Gittins, Kingstone, Herefordshire; Miss M. Reynolds, Peniel Green, Llansamlet, near Swansea; T. Laird, 13 Fenwick Street, Boldon Colly, Durham; G. D. Baker, 65 Clonmell Road, Philip Lane, West Green, N.

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.

Pearson's Football Contest

No. 34.

Matches to be played on Saturday, April 20th.
Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Sheffield Wednesday	v	**Everton**
Bury	v	**Manchester City**
Liverpool	v	**Sheffield United.**
Aston Villa	v	**Newcastle United**
Preston North End	v	**Sunderland**
Glossop	v	**Bristol City**
Blackpool	v	**Birmingham**
Bradford	v	**Notts Forest**
Leeds City	v	**Wolverhampton W.**
Stockport County	v	**Leicester Fosse**
Watford	v	**Plymouth Argyle**
New Brompton	v	**Southampton**
Exeter City	v	**Crystal Palace**
Brentford	v	**Norwich City**
Bristol Rovers	v	**Brighton and Hove A.**
Luton	v	**Reading**
West Ham United	v	**Stoke**

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

When you have filled up your Football Coupon, turn to the first page and try for a prize in our new contest "MIDDLES."

—For the five best replies I will give Novel Sealing-Wax Sets. Mark postcards "Fiver." (See page 1070.)

Housekeeping for the 'Nobs'

By a RETIRED VALET.

THE expenses of the large establishments of wealthy people have grown by leaps and bounds of late years. Here are some items culled from the books of a housekeeper in one of the wealthiest houses in London, which relate only to the expenses of the servants' hall. In this particular establishment there were in all eighteen servants.

Butcher's bill (1 month)	£25	10	0
Greengrocer's bill	12	5	0
Laundry	27	15	0
Beer and spirits	36	10	0
Wages (10 of the lower servants) ..	20	0	0
Cab fares, etc. (for page-boy sent on messages)	11	17	0
Telegrams	9	15	0
	£143	12	0

And these items are but a drop in the ocean of the expenses which had to be met every month or quarter in that establishment.

The total amount paid out by the housekeeper on account of bills both for the servants' hall and the family seldom amounted to less than £1,500 per month. And the housekeeper in this establishment was a clever, and, as housekeepers go, an economical woman, who allowed as little waste to take place as possible. But even with her prudent management the amount of waste that went on in the kitchen was considerable.

Kitchen Waste Given Away.

In many wealthy establishments it is simply enormous, not merely in the way of food, but in regard to the whole management of the household. For example, at one country house I was in fresh candles were put in all the bedrooms and sitting-rooms every day, no matter how little was burnt of them the night before, and the old candles were actually thrown out, though often they were not a quarter burnt.

In many wealthy establishments in London nowadays the "waste" from the kitchen is given to some charitable institution every day, and though this is certainly a benefit to a number of poor people, it is often ridiculous to see what is regarded as waste in some places. I have seen in some houses enough food given away every morning to supply the whole of the servants' hall for two or three days.

The lighting bills in wealthy establishments are enormous. In a house in Grosvenor Square, where I was some years ago, the bill for electric light used to be never less than £30 a quarter, and when the family spent the winter season in London it was very much more.

£9 9s. a Day for Flowers.

In the same establishment a bouquet of flowers was sent up every morning for the mistress and the two young ladies from a florist which cost at least £3 3s. apiece. Of course, the family either dined out or entertained at home every night they were in town.

A very wealthy gentleman with whom I was in service for several years, but who got into financial difficulties on account of the failure of some firm to whom he had advanced at one time a great deal of money, told me once that the actual running expenses of his houses in London and the country were never less than £47,000 per annum.

He had an income, I believe, of about £100,000 per annum, but when nearly half a man's income goes in housekeeping, it leaves him comparatively little for his other expenses, which are proportionately heavy.

It is practically impossible for a gentleman nowadays who keeps up a really first-rate establishment, to economise unless he alters his whole way of living and drops altogether out of the society in which he and his family are accustomed to move.

If a gentleman begins to cut down the expenses of his household and to examine closely into the housekeeper's books, his servants will leave him, and it will soon get known among the tradesmen with whom he deals th[illegible]etting hard pressed for money, and they, o[illegible]n to press for a settlement of their [illegible] very often quite an immense sum of money, and this might result in his bankruptcy.

When a notice appears in the papers to the effect that Lord and Lady —— are spending the winter at some Continental watering-place, or that they "have gone abroad for some months," it usually means in plain language that they have found the expenses of their household too heavy, and have gone abroad to live in quite a small way. Every year a certain number of people disappear from Society for this reason.

In establishments owned by people of real solid wealth whose expenses, however heavy they may be, never even approach their income limit, the bills are paid with great regularity, usually every quarter.

The housekeeper has in most large establishments the paying of all the tradesmen's accounts. She generally has a banking account, and the master or mistress lodges so much money to her credit every quarter, and she pays all the accounts by cheque.

In some big establishments the master makes the housekeeper a regular allowance every quarter, it may be anything from five to ten thousand pounds, out of which she must discharge all the tradesmen's bills and running accounts, though of course it is only with the most trusted sort of servant that this arrangement is made.

Royalty Won't be Worried with Bills.

The housekeeper generally manages to put at least five per cent. of the money into her pocket. She is allowed to make what she can for herself out of her allowance, but she must maintain the establishment under her control in first-rate style, and pay absolutely all the bills. Wealthy gentlemen make this arrangement simply because it fixes their expenditure on their household at a definite figure, and under it they are never worried with bills. I may mention that in one or two of the smaller Royal households this plan is adopted.

In a large number of wealthy establishments nowadays the servants are often put on board wages, and look after their own catering. But there is one drawback to this system in a big establishment. Where a large number of servants are employed on board wages it is usual for the servants to appoint what is known in the servants' hall as a table manager.

The table manager may either be the housekeeper or one of the upper men-servants, and she (or he) undertakes to look after all the catering in the servants' hall and pay all the bills, and a fixed sum is arranged which each servant has to pay the table manager every week or month.

The table manager is supposed to settle his bills with the tradesmen with whom he deals every week or month, but sometimes he does not. A table manager in a big house sometimes leaves a situation owing hundreds or perhaps thousands to tradespeople, and though his master is not, of course, legally liable for these debts he usually feels bound to pay them.

AN AUTHOR WHO PROPHESIED.

THOUGH in many minds fiction and finance are pretty closely associated, it is not often that a fiction writer is successful as a financial prophet. But there are exceptions to the rule, and a very remarkable exception is to be found in the case of an exciting detective story, "The Capture of Paul Beck," by Judge Bodkin, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin more than three years ago.

The ingenious plot of the story turns mainly on a great boom in Marconis.

Here is a description of this great imaginary boom in Wall Street, printed and published more than three years ago when Marconis were at a substantial discount.

"There was a sudden rally, and as the 'bears' retreated the 'bulls' rushed in. The stocks advanced steadily, faster and faster, till finally they came with a rush that carried all before it. The losses of the day were regained. Par was reached and passed, and still the boom went on. Higher and higher the prices soared, amid frantic excitement, with none to oppose. At the close the five-dollar shares had reached ten dollars premium."

Twenty dollars—four pounds—is the price of Marconis to-day. If the ingenious author had backed his own prophecy he could retire from law and fiction on a modest competency of a million or upwards. If any confiding reader had taken the straight tip from the novel he might found libraries like Mr. Carnegie without depleting his bank book.

SHORTCAKE

"MIDDLES."

63 Prizes for Competitors.

1st PRIZE £10

6 Columbia Graphophones with 6 records each.

6 Thermos Flasks.

50 tins of Peek Frean Shortcakes.

Most of the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY have, at one time or another, tasted some of the delicacies prepared by the famous firm of biscuit manufacturers, **Messrs. PEEK, FREAN, & Co. Ltd.** To popularise their famous new biscuit, "SHORTCAKE," this "Middles" Competition has been arranged, in which a prize is offered of

£10 FOR THE BEST "MIDDLE" ON SHORTCAKE.

In addition, 62 other prizes, consisting of Columbia Graphophones, Thermos Flasks, and Tins of Peek Frean's Shortcake will be awarded.

To enter this interesting competition will cost you practically nothing. All you have to do is to purchase one pound of

PEEK FREAN'S SHORTCAKE

and make a sentence or phrase of two words called a "Middle" on the word SHORTCAKE. The first word of your sentence must begin with the middle letter of SHORTCAKE, which is T, and the initial of the second word may be any of the other letters of SHORTCAKE, or you may use the middle letter T as initial of both words of your Middle.

Of course, the more your Middle bears on SHORTCAKE the better it will be considered.

Here are examples, not to be used, which will show you how to make Middles on SHORTCAKE.

ShorTcake: Tasty Eating.

ShorTcake: Tea-table Completes.

ShorTcake: Tommy's Temptation.

When you have thought out a good Middle of your own on SHORTCAKE, write it out on the entry form below and sign your real name and address in the space provided.

Then cut out the entry form and place it in an envelope, addressed to SHORTCAKE, care of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Post your attempt to arrive not later than Saturday, April 27th.

With your effort must be inclosed a receipt for one pound of Peek Frean's SHORTCAKE, which can be purchased from any stores or grocers.

The attempts will be judged entirely on their merits, and the prizes described above awarded for the best.

The decision published in PEARSON'S WEEKLY is final, the competitors may enter on this understanding only.

SHORTCAKE "MIDDLES." ENTRY FORM.

.....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I agree to abide by the conditions of this contest.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Chortles corner Editor's office boy—still insists on whistling the pantomime songs.

No. 5—

JEANNE DE VALOIS.

ONE summer morning in Old France a tiny little girl, with bare feet, and straws in her hair, was herding cows.

Her face was wan and tear-stained. Her few miserable rags hardly sufficed to cover her nakedness. Even the peasants pitied her poor plight and threw her crusts of bread in passing, as one might throw bones to a dog.

The child snatched them up and ate them ravenously, for she was very hungry. She had scarcely ever known, in fact, what it was not to be hungry.

Yet the blood of kings flowed in her veins. She had been christened Jeanne de Valois, and she had a perfect right to bear the name, which is one of the noblest in French history. Her father, indeed, was descended in a direct line from that Henry of Valois whose son married Mary Queen of Scots, the mother of our King James I.

But all this was in the long ago. At the time when little Jeanne was born the fortunes of the family had sunk almost to their lowest ebb. Her father, a dissolute, drunken man, lived by poaching over the lands that once belonged to his ancestors. Her mother, a coarse, illiterate peasant woman, brawled with the neighbours and indulged in low amours, for which she was frequently beaten by her husband.

Almost Starving in a Tower.

Meanwhile, Jeanne, and her brother and little sister, starved in a mouldering tower of their ancestral château. Almost all the food they got was supplied by the charity of their neighbours. The wind and the rain beat in upon them, for the greater part of the once splendid mansion was roofless and in ruins.

Presently even this poor shelter was denied them, for the mortgagees decided to foreclose. The family set out to tramp to Paris, where they arrived destitute and in rags. Soon afterwards Jeanne's mother turned Jeanne's father out of the one small room they occupied, and installed in his place a professional pickpocket. Little Jeanne was sent forth daily by this precious pair into the streets to beg for pennies. If she failed to bring back enough they beat her cruelly.

From this terrible fate she was rescued by a great lady, the Marchioness Boulainvilliers, who placed her in a convent and had her educated. She grew up a strikingly beautiful woman, but the taint inherited from her wanton mother and her wastrel father early showed itself. At eighteen she escaped from the convent by scaling a wall, and almost immediately entered upon a career of profligacy and crime.

Among her numerous admirers was a certain Count de la Motte. Him she married. But she did not allow this fact to interfere with her love affairs.

A Blue-Blooded Lover.

One of her lovers at this time was named Vilette. He was a professional forger. Another was no less a personage than the profligate but powerful Cardinal de Rohan, a scion of Royalty, one of the richest men in France.

Jeanne utilised the skill of the forger lover to obtain goods from tradespeople in the name of the other one. This went on for some time, fresh forgeries being perpetrated to cover up the earlier ones, until at last exposure seemed inevitable.

In this dilemma Jeanne's fertile brain evolved a plot such as has rarely, if ever, been paralleled in the annals of crime. She persuaded De Rohan that the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, had fallen madly in love with him, and she backed up her assertion by means of forged letters bearing what purported to be the Queen's signature.

The amorous Cardinal fell into the trap. He showered gold on Jeanne, who was supposed to act as a go-between. In return Jeanne promised De Rohan to arrange a midnight interview between him and the Queen.

The meeting took place in the Park of Versailles, in a secluded spot appropriately named the Grove of Venus.

Jeanne induced a girl of the streets, Marie Laguay, to impersonate the Queen. Marie dropped the Cardinal, who was on bended knee before her, a rose and blew him a kiss. No more! Yet the Cardinal was in ecstasy.

He permitted Jeanne to draw on him for larger sums, which the Queen, she said, needed for acts of charity. Jeanne bought horses, carriages, furniture, and jewels with the money.

Obviously, however, the deception could not go on indefinitely. Jeanne, at all events, was shrewd enough to realise this. She engineered one last grand coup that was intended to make their fortunes. De Rohan was persuaded to purchase for £83,000 a diamond necklace for the Queen's wearing.

Jeanne undertook to deliver the costly trinket to Marie Antoinette. Instead, she carried it to her own house, where the stones were forced from their settings with a sharp-pointed knife. Jeanne's husband, the Count de la Motte, then crossed to London with them, selling the bulk of them to a jeweller named Grey of New Bond Street.

Too Slow To Escape.

Jeanne was preparing to follow the Count as soon as she could settle up her affairs. She did not imagine that there was any great hurry. Unfortunately for her, however, De Rohan, when buying the necklace, had dropped a hint to the jeweller as to the identity of its supposed recipient, and the jeweller, proud and pleased, wrote a respectful and guarded letter of thanks to Marie Antoinette.

The Queen, of course, could not make either head or tail of the letter. She imagined the writer to be either a madman or a blackmailer, and handed the missive to the police. These made inquiries, and presently the whole plot stood revealed.

Jeanne was arrested. So, too, was the forger Vilette, the girl Marie Laguay, and the dupe, De Rohan, together with two or three others less deeply implicated. Jeanne's husband, being in England, wisely preferred to remain there. The London jeweller Grey, however, was brought over to Paris, and gave evidence at the trial, which lasted nine months, and created immense scandal.

All the conspirators were found guilty and sentenced, but we are only concerned with Jeanne's punishment, which was the severest of all.

She was condemned to be whipped naked in public, a halter round her neck, to be branded on both shoulders with a red-hot iron, then shut up in prison in a solitary cell for the remainder of her life.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Jeanne was dragged from her cell by a rope round her throat to the square opposite the Salpêtrière prison. The public had not reckoned on so early an hour, and there were but few people about.

To these, however, Jeanne appealed in terror-stricken accents that had in them also something of dignity and pathos.

"Rescue Me From These Murderers."

"Will you suffer a descendant of your kings to be treated thus?" she cried. "Rescue me from these murderers. It is the blood of a Valois they are going to shed."

There were some murmurs amongst the by-standers, but none dared to interfere. Four huge executioners closed round her, forcing her to her knees.

She refused to undress, so they cut away her clothing. The whip was laid across her beautiful shoulders, marbling them with bars of red. In her agony Jeanne fought like a tigress, with nails, feet, and teeth. Once she escaped from the sinewy hands that gripped her and rolled in terrible convulsions upon the ground. The executioner had to follow her with his whip as she rolled.

Next they branded her. The delicate flesh smoked under the red-hot iron. Her shrieks were heard even in the adjacent Royal palace, where Queen Marie sat listening. She writhed and twisted so that when they branded her the second time, the iron fell, not on her shoulder, as was intended, but on her bosom.

Jeanne gave a last convulsive bound. One of the executioners caught her in his arms. The tortured woman found strength enough to bite him through his clothing and draw blood. Then she fainted.

She was borne unconscious inside the Salpêtrière, where the hospital sisters staunched her wounds, bathed her scorched and lacerated flesh with eau de Cologne, gathered her hair under a little linen hood, and put on her a very soft cotton garment. On her recovery she was shut up in a tiny stone cell, only six feet square, with double doors of solid iron. Here, according to her sentence, she was to remain for life.

But even in this terrible extremity Jeanne's stout heart did not fail her. She set about devising a plan of escape.

By dint of incredible labour she loosened a stone in the outer wall of her cell, so that on removing it she could spy through into the courtyard of the prison. A soldier on guard here, pitying her sad state, undertook to help her. But first, he told her, she must procure a model of the keys that unlocked her cell doors.

Humbugged the Bailiffs.

This was impossible. But Jeanne stared at the keys in the hands of her warders at intervals for weeks. Then she drew carefully two sketches. The keys made from these scale drawings, and passed in by the friendly sentry on the point of his bayonet, were found to fit the locks.

Next a suit of male attire was smuggled in through the hole, and on a day when the great prison was filled with sightseeing visitors, Jeanne disguised herself, unlocked her cell doors, and passed out with the crowd.

After many adventures she reached London, but her evil fate pursued her. She got into money difficulties. A bailiff came to her house in the Haymarket to arrest her for a debt of £30.

Jeanne, resourceful as ever, invited him into her boudoir, and set before him a bottle of wine. Then she slipped from the room, and locked him in.

A second bailiff barred her exit from the front door. Jeanne ran hurriedly upstairs to the second floor, where was a window overlooking a garden. She tried to scramble into the branches of a tree that grew near the sill, but missed her foothold and fell to the ground, a distance of thirty feet.

Her injuries were of the most terrible description. She dislocated both her knees, shattered one thigh, knocked out an eye. Yet she was recovering when, some six weeks later, she partook too freely of a dish of stewed mulberries and died.

On the same day her husband fought and killed Grey, the Bond Street jeweller, to whom he had sold most of the jewels, and who had given evidence to that effect at his wife's trial.

Thus two of the actors in this strange drama died within a few hours of each other.

De la Motte himself lived to a bad old age.

(Next week: "Cora Pearl.")

BOTH VERY PARTICULAR.

I.

"I WISH you would say in your paper to-morrow morning," said the caller anxiously, "that the Smykes who was run in last night for prize-fighting is not the Smykes who acts as shop-walker at Markedown and Remnant's."

II.

"Boys," said Mr. Smykes, the prize-fighter, as he paid his fine, and turned eagerly to the reporters present, "in writin' up this business, don't mix me up with that taller-haired, floor-walkin' toff at Markedown and Remnant's."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a 'bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped and addressed, to the Editor of "P.W.," in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already a large number of readers have received gifts in this manner, and a list of winners appears on page 4010. So remember to

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

—Nothing will induce him to stop. Paper-weights thrown at his head, and threats of the sack, are useless.

Dodges of Prison Doctors

A Chalk Line and "Truly Rural" are not the only Means they Use to Test Drunkenness.

Most readers are aware, through having read the newspaper reports, that the police-court doctor has many little dodges for finding out whether a man is really intoxicated. The best-known of these is the chalk line test by which the prisoner is invited to walk with steady gait by the side of a chalk line drawn on the floor.

If he accomplishes this successfully he is generally asked to pronounce words like "Constantinople" or the phrase "truly rural," which many persons find difficult enough to pronounce who have never seen the inside of a public house.

But of late an increasing number of doctors are dropping these tests and using instead the test of handwriting. "Perambulating in Constitutional Hill" is probably written daily in hundreds of police courts throughout the land.

When this test was first introduced the police sought to convict a man because there were no fewer than five spelling mistakes in this sentence. The case, however, failed because the magistrate held that the mistakes were through lack of education rather than intemperance.

Shammers are Very Cunning.

Ever since this case spelling has been disregarded, and the judgment is formed solely on the firmness or otherwise of the handwriting.

The prison doctor, perhaps more than any other member of the profession, has to be ever on the alert to detect malingering. When a hardened criminal shams he shams well. Knowing that punishment awaits him if detected, he studies the matter with infinite care. And one of his favourite complaints is heart disease.

If this can be proved it exempts him from the harder forms of labour, and the chief symptom, namely, palpitation, is easy enough to imitate.

Now sounding is not an absolutely certain test, for there are some forms of heart disease that are very difficult to trace through the stethoscope. But here again the doctor has another little dodge. After poking and pushing the patient as doctors do on these occasions, he presses over a small point situated between the third and fourth ribs on the left side. If there is anything wrong with the heart the patient invariably winces sharply, but if he is merely shamming he will think it is part of the sounding and will give no sign.

But malingering is not the only form of deception doctors have to grapple with. There is the other side of the picture, namely, the man who wishes to pretend he is well when he is really ill. This is the class of person against whom insurance doctors have to be perpetually on guard.

The Cracking the Joints Test.

The man whose employment is sedentary, such as a prosperous city merchant, and who may also be constitutionally weak, may wish to effect a large policy on his life. He will frequently spend a month at some seaside resort undergoing a special cure, and at the end of the period endeavour to pass off the extra flush of health as his normal state.

To combat this the doctor will sometimes use an instrument called the ophthalmoscope. This will enlarge the eye up to 22,500 diameters. This enables the doctor to see clearly all the tiny veins in the eye, which immediately indicate any latent weakness of the vital organs which could not be detected by any other means.

Habitual drunkards often endeavour to deceive the insurance doctor by means of the scientific use of certain drugs. But there is a certain test which cannot fail even if the deceiver is on his guard against it.

If the doctor's suspicions are aroused, the patient is asked to hold out one hand with the fingers spread apart and press firmly with the finger tips upon the doctor's hand. Then if the patient is of regularly intemperate habits a soft cracking sound will be heard distinctly in the finger joints.

Putting Petticoats on 'Stars'

Lily Elsie knows just what Dresses she wants, but many Actresses give Infinite Trouble.

This article has been written by the head of a well-known firm of modistes who have made the costumes for the leading ladies in many theatrical productions.

THE dresses for the ladies in all first-class theatrical productions are no longer supplied by a theatrical costumier, but are made by the most fashionable and best-known firms of modistes in the West End.

The dresses are designed in the first place by some well-known artist in this particular line of business and the designs are then handed to the firm of modistes which is to make the dresses.

The most difficult people to dress are the stars of musical comedy. They are allowed to wear practically whatever they please, and they will only wear exactly what they think sets off their particular style of beauty to the best advantage.

The designer, of course, submits the design of his dresses to a star before sending the designs to the dressmaker, but although she may pass the designs, she often dislikes the dresses when she tries them on, and refuses to wear them, with the result that fresh dresses have to be made and some other use found for the three or four hundred pounds' worth of costumes which she declines to wear.

Wanted Yellow—not Blue.

I know of a well-known musical comedy actress who, three days before the production of a musical play, decided to appear in the first act in a yellow dress instead of a blue. In order to gratify this whim the production of the piece had to be delayed for three days, and it was given out that the lady in question was ill. The delay in the production cost the management about £400.

It is, moreover, often excessively hard to get some famous actresses to try on their costumes. On one occasion a certain famous actress wrote to us to say that she was travelling to Scotland on a certain day and that she would like to have her costumes tried on in the train as that was the only time she could spare for this purpose.

As it was then within three days of the first dress rehearsal at which it was absolutely necessary she should wear the costume, this was done. A private saloon was engaged between London and Edinburgh and the dresses tried on during the journey.

On another occasion we received a telephone message from a famous and very pretty actress in musical comedy to bring her dresses to a certain restaurant in the West End where she was lunching and where we could try them on in a private room.

We sent the dresses and fitters to the restaurant, but found that the actress had gone off in her motor-car to see some friends near Redhill. She left a message for us to send the dresses after her, and that they could be tried on at the house she was going to.

Tried On while her Motor was Repaired.

Accordingly, we hired a taxi and sent the dresses and fitters after the lady. The taxi overtook her motor-car some miles outside Redhill where it had broken down, and whilst her chauffeur was repairing it the actress consented to adjourn to a neighbouring cottage to try on her dresses.

The easiest actress to dress was the late Miss Maudi Darrell, who always knew exactly the sort of dresses she wanted, and never made any difficulty about trying them on. I believe Miss Lily Elsie was also a very easy actress to dress.

The girls in the chorus have to wear whatever sort of dresses are made for them, but it often happens when a chorus girl dislikes a dress she will throw up her engagement rather than wear it.

We have a dress in our possession which a girl in the chorus of a famous musical comedy tore from top to bottom in a fit of temper because she disliked the colour of it. She lost her engagement and, I believe, never got another.

There are some actresses who give so much trouble about their dresses that managers avoid, if possible, engaging them. I could mention the names of at least three actresses once well-known in musical comedy who now find it practically impossible to obtain engagements as the result of the trouble and expense they put their former managers to over their dresses, but they make a fairly good living at the music-halls, where they can dress as they please at their own expense.

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Quips and Jestlets

A POOR ATTEMPT.

WHILE on a visit to London, an art master, well known for his absence of mind, had occasion to require a cab. Looking round he espied one coming in his direction, drawn by a miserable specimen of a horse.

Hailing the cabman, he was about to enter the vehicle when, looking at the horse, he said:

"What's this?"

"An 'oss, sir," replied the cabman.

"Rub it out, and do it again," said the Professor abstractedly.

Friend: "When do you expect Mr. Rich to recover?"

Doctor: "I don't know; he's the only patient I have at the present time."

Tommy: "This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion."

Willie: "That's right; I am always tanned when I get caught smoking."

Dolly: "What's the matter?"
Teddy: "Got somethin' in my eye."
Dolly: "What is it?"
Teddy: "Don't know; can't see it."

The Manager: "You have too much rouge on, my dear, to act the part of a milkmaid properly."

"Have I, sir? But I thought a milkmaid should be rosy-cheeked."

The Manager: "On the contrary, a milkmaid is naturally a pail girl."

SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

THEY were newly married and on their honeymoon trip. They stopped at a fashionable hotel.

The bridegroom felt a little indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do some shopping. In due time she returned, and tripped blithely up to her room, a trifle awed by the number of doors that looked all alike.

But she was sure of her own, and gently tapped on the panel. "I'm back, honey, let me in!" she called, rapping loudly.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, it's I—your Queenie; do let me in!"

There was a silence for several minutes—then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is a bathroom—not a beehive."

"MY time," said the multi-millionaire, "is worth twenty pounds a minute."

"Well," answered the friend casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play two or three thousand pounds' worth of golf."

"IT was to satisfy your extravagant tastes," cried the desperate man, "that I committed the forgery! The crime is upon your head!"

The woman started and gazed at him wonderingly.

"Is my crime on straight?" she asked.

Caller: "So your sister and her sweetheart are very close-mouthed over their engagement?"
Little Ethel: "Close-mouthed! You ought to see them together!"

HAD ENOUGH OF HIM.

HE was a huge man of the navvy species, and as he stood in the witness-box counsel eyed him dubiously. He knew he would be a hard nut to crack—a very hard nut, indeed.

"What we want to get at," he began, "is, who was the aggressor?"

"Eh?" said the witness, puzzled.

"Let me illustrate my meaning," said counsel. "Supposing that I should meet you in the street and strike you in the face, I should be the aggressor."

"You would be a fool," said the witness with growing emphasis.

"No, no," said counsel, with a heightened colour. "You don't understand. I was speaking only in the abstract. Suppose we met, and, without provocation, I struck you, I should be committing an act of aggression."

The navvy hunched his huge shoulders.

"You'd be committing suicide, mister," he remarked grimly.

"You may sit down!" snapped counsel.

PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE.

A YOUNG woman applied to a surgeon for a position as nurse in his institution. He asked:

"Have you had any previous experience?"

She dazzled him with a reassuring smile.

"Experience?" she cried. "I should think so. Two of my brothers play football, another has tried to cross the Channel in an aeroplane of his own make, mother is a Suffragette, and father keeps a motor-car."

"Do you always keep smiling about your daily duties?"

"No; I look grumpy. Then I'm not asked to do extra work."

Maid: "Are you at home to Mrs. Toney, mum? She's at the door."
Mistress: "I am if she has a new hat on—not otherwise."

Wagstaff: "I stood on one foot all the way home in a crowded railway carriage last night."
Joaks: "What was the matter with your other foot?"
Wagstaff: "Another man was standing on that!"

A BAD BARGAIN.

Fond Uncle: "So, my dear little nephew, you haven't forgotten your old uncle on his birthday. You have brought me this nice smoking cap for a present. Thanks, little nephew, here is a xpence for you."
Nevvie: "Boo-oo-ooh. It cost me half-a-crown!"

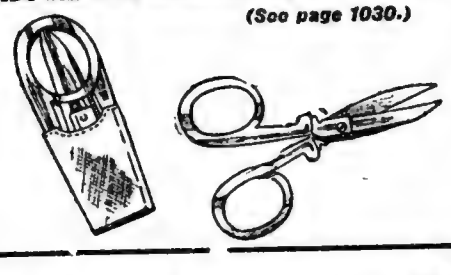
Hopeful: "Dad, what is meant by the mother-tongue?"
Parent: "S-sh, my boy, don't start her!"

Mrs. Jones: "My dear, dead husband never complained of my cooking."
Mr. Jones (her second venture): "Perhaps that's why he's your dear, dead husband."

Mr. A.: "I'm certain your butcher gives you short weight for your money."
Mrs. A.: "But consider, my dear, the long wait you gave him for his."

Carry your "Pearson's"—you know the rest! And win these scissors, they are the best!

(See page 1030.)



MAKING HIM LIFELIKE.

THE old lady entered the taxidermist's shop in a blaze of wrath, carrying a dead cockatoo in a glass case.

"You can see for yourself, sir. You only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

"Lor' bless ye, m'm, that's the triumph of the art! We stuff 'em that natural that they moults in their proper season."

Willie: "Well, now that you've come, I suppose I'll have to go for the doctor."
Featherstone: "Why, Willie?"
"Father says you always make him ill."

Hobson: "So you've bought a piece of property at Marshville. How does your land lie?"
Jobson: "Not nearly so well as the agent who sold it to me."

"YOUR cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night, and——"

"I'm awfully sorry, but since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

Reporter: "There were 4,999 eyes fixed on the speaker at the meeting."
Editor: "Why 4,999 eyes? Why not put it in round numbers?"
Reporter: "Well, I should have said 5,000, only I noticed that a man in the crowd was blind in one eye."

AN OUTSIDER.

A WHITE rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves upon his dirty hands, an old loafer strode down the street.

"Why, Bill," exclaimed a fellow-shirker, "wot are you cellybratin'?"

"It's me golden weddin'," answered Bill, with quite a smirk. "I'm cellybratin' me golden weddin'!"

"But why ain't yer wife cellybratin' it too?" inquired the friend. "I see 'er this mornin' goin' ter work as usual. Why ain't she got a white rose an' cotton gloves?"

"Her!" exclaimed Bill. "She ain't got nuffin' to do with it. She's no third!"

She: "I will have no smoking in this house. Do you understand?"
He: "Yes; please extend this prohibition to the stoves."

Hungry Harry (the tramp): "Me and you was born before our time, matey."
Wandering Willie: "How do you make that out?"
Hungry Harry: "I've been readin' the papers, an' I see the experts agree that by the next century the wimmin will be doin' all the work in this world."

Papa: "Billy, you've been a very good little boy this morning. You haven't disturbed me once."
Billy: "Yes; and I've been doing something really useful, too. I've cut 'bout an inch off the ends of the cigars in that box over there, and now you can just go ahead and smoke them without any trouble!"

Count Sangbleu (fiercely): "Do you accept my challenge to a duel?"
M. Lleolin (more fiercely): "Yes."
Count Sangbleu: (falling on his neck): "Ah, it is well! Honour is satisfied. Let us be friends."

ASKING A POLICEMAN.

HE was a kindly constable, and had for long been answering the inquisitive old lady's questions to the best of his ability. But he was beginning to tire a little.

"And what's your truncheon for, policeman?" inquired the inquisitive dame.

"To ketch a feller a cop over the nob if 'e gets vi'lent!" responded Bobby.

"And what are those numbers for?"

"Hidentificashun purposes, mum," said Bobby laconically, turning away.

"And what, policeman," said the old dame, catching him by the arm, "is that strap under your chin for?"

"Well, mum," snorted Bobby, "that's to rest me jaws on when I gets tired answerin' silly questions."

Why does the horse race? ☞

A STRANGE SIN

JUST TO GUIDE YOU.

Lady Millborough has attempted to poison her husband with arsenic. His lordship, discovering the plot, insists on her living abroad. Now she means to be revenged, and Major Collett, the lover of her youth, is helping her.
Last week's chapters tell how some love-letters, sent by the Major to Lady Millborough twenty years ago, fall into his lordship's hands. *(You can now read on.)*

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE (continued).

The Love-Letters!

DRAKE looked from Lord Millborough to Major Collett, and quitted the room.

The door closed on Drake. Lord Millborough was reading another of the letters. Collett's lower teeth were gritted in front of his upper ones. He had folded his arms, and his fingers were biting into the muscles. Lord Millborough had dropped the envelope to the floor, and Collett could distinguish the French stamps upon it. His strong chest heaved under his laboured breathing. Instinct had answered the questions whose were the letters Lord Millborough was reading. Silently he reviled the woman whom he had to thank for this.

Lord Millborough read the last of the letters, and looked up from it. Then he spoke.

"Unless they are forgeries," he said icily, more terribly than if his voice had been shaken with hot anger, "these letters are yours, Major Collett—written by you—they are dated—to my wife. How the anonymous sender came into possession of them or what the motive of their dispatch to me, I will not attempt to reason out. Or are they forgeries? Will you look at this one, Major Collett, and then look me in the face and swear to me that it is a forgery?"

"What do you mean?" The half-stammered, half-blustered out question was meaningless, an effort to gain pause, for Lord Millborough had spoken plainly and understandably enough in all conscience.

"Am I obscure?" he replied ironically. "I ask you to look at this letter, and tell me whether it is forgery or not!"

"I——"

"Look at it. Answer me. Yes or no!"

Collett took the letter, black murder in his heart, hardly knowing which of the two he hated most bitterly at this moment, the woman who was indirectly responsible for his present predicament or the man who had found him out.

"Well?" asked Lord Millborough.

Collett's brows met in that ugly, continuous line over his eyes. He squared his shoulders.

"I wrote it!" he said, "nearly twenty years ago."

"Before Eileen was born!" said Lord Millborough.

"You read the date on the letter, didn't you?" snarled the Chief Constable. "I admit the letter. What are you going to do? Listen to me. I was a young man then."

"A young officer—but not a gentleman!" said Lord Millborough. "A thief—a man who filches a woman's honour behind her husband's back—can hardly rank as a gentleman, I think. And then later to come here and get her to use her influence with me to get you your present position!"

Collett plucked at his collar.

"You bought her," he whispered huskily, "and she was compelled to sell herself. You starved her of love——"

"Collett," said the grey, wasted man, "if you had run away with my wife, had had the courage to do so, I might have held you in some respect. But you sank to treachery—posed as my friend—were not ashamed to take advantage of my influence."

"You—you have your remedy—in the law courts. But people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, Millborough!"

"My married life has been straight. I have not played false friend to any man, whatever my shortcomings and sins. But we won't bandy words, Collett. You've made your own bed, as others have done, and you must lie on it. I order you to resign your position——"

The telephone-bell rang. Lord Millborough picked up the instrument.

"Yes," he said into it. "The Chief Constable is here."

He turned to the Chief Constable.

"One of your superintendents. You're wanted at once in Millborough. You will tender your resignation at the first fitting opportunity to the Watch Committee, or I shall take steps to secure it otherwise."

Collett took a heavy step towards the door.

"Very well, Millborough; but in the meantime, till that opportunity occurs and my resignation has been accepted, I shall continue to do my duty!"

Collett underlined the words. "To do my duty" with a curious, significant emphasis.

Lord Millborough stood very still, his hands gripping the letters behind his back, icy, expressionless, and dignified, masking tragedy, something splendid about the man.

"And—one last word, Millborough," added Collett, grasping the door-handle. "I don't deny those letters or the inference you have drawn from them. Nineteen years ago is a long way back, Millborough. Twenty-four years ago is longer still."

Again the same heavy, curious, ugly emphasis under his last words.

"And I am not the only *sinner*, Millborough," again he was underlining with emphasis, this time with a girding note in his heavy, rasping voice, "not the only *sinner*, who has fallen in love with another man's wife, nor the first nor the *last* made to pay heavily. People in glass houses are fools to chuck stones—even after twenty-four years. Look to it. I don't ask for consideration from you. I'm ready to face any music. Don't expect any from me. I may bring your glass house down about your ears."

Lord Millborough folded his arms.

"I no longer live in a glass house," he said.

Collett was watching him narrowly from under his heavy brows; but the grey, wasted, upright man had neither flinched nor winced—seemed impervious to the shafts thrown at him.

"We shall see!" he snarled, baffled by his failure to get home.

"Yes," answered Lord Millborough slowly, "we—shall—see!"

The Sphinx might have spoken. Collett's eyes were narrow slits. Lord Millborough baffled him. This was not bluff. He had spoken with the calm certainty of a man who had a hidden ace in his hand that must win the last trick.

Again the telephone rang. Lord Millborough picked it up. He might have been in his office.

"No," he said, "still here!" Then, to the man gripping the door-handle: "You're urgently wanted in Millborough!"

To the outward eye both Lord Millborough and Collett seemed to have forgotten the tremendous issue between them. The latter pulled himself up squarely, and looked a Chief Constable, every inch of him. The original purpose of his visit had to do with the strike, but the disastrously unexpected had happened and driven it from his mind.

For a moment, in the silence that followed, the two men's eyes met, no wavering, no fear in Lord Millborough's stern, steady, sure gaze. Collett's mouth sagged savagely under his heavy moustache.

"What's he got up his sleeve?" was his silent question. "Are all my inferences, drawn from that faded photograph and Clare's suspicions and promptings, wrong?"

Without speaking, masking hatred, humiliation, and defeat under a resumption of his official manner, he stepped from the room, under notice to tender his resignation at the earliest possible opportunity. But with the closing of the door behind him his expression changed. A crushed-under, gritted sound escaped him, charged with most bitter, concentrated fury.

Could the woman, who had involved him deliberately for her own revengeful purposes, have seen his face and heard his stifled expletive, she would have laughed triumphantly. It had been a question of goading him on, playing on his emotions, in the past. Now there would be no further need for such tactics.

His official motor-car had brought him to Millborough Hall, and rushed him back to the central police-station, where the superintendent, who had telephoned, was awaiting him anxiously.

"Well?" barked Collett. The superintendent showed a printed slip to his superior.

Collett scowled as he read it. A mass meeting was to be held that evening, to which all who had at heart the welfare of down-trodden and under-paid labour were bidden.

"Being circulated broadcast, sir!" said the superintendent.

"Forewarned is forearmed," grunted the Chief Constable, and then went into the telephone and telegraph room.

He gave a trunk-call, and got through at last.

"You're Scotland Yard?" He was alone in the room, and the door closed.

"Yes," came back the answer.

"I'm Collett, Chief Constable, Millborough. Put me through to the Assistant Commissioner."

After a pause Collett was speaking again.

"No. Nothing to do with the strike. You

(Continued on next page.)

Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

Tatcho is a discovery which hundreds of thousands of people, in all walks of life, in all parts of the world, and of all ages, have lived to bless and to thank. Because it has restored to them their hair—their youthful looks. Because it has arrested its fall, saved its loss, promotes its growth in full, rich, glossy profusion.

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Your Own Chemist or Store knows, and will gladly tell you, all about Tatcho and its ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, and will supply you with both. Tatcho, the hair-grower, is a bright, spirituous liquid, the colour of whisky, free from all grease and smell. It is sold in bottles, bearing the personal guarantee of its discoverer, Mr. Geo. R. Sims, at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., the two latter sizes being compounded in double strength, in order to expedite the cure.

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Another Wonderful Discovery!

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE

Delicious beyond description.

Sold to the shops in silver-finished salvers

—One definition might be, "Because he will be 'spurred' on."

A STRANGE SIN *continued*).

remember the Millborough jewel robbery? The girl, Mary, otherwise Fairy Willow, who was arrested and discharged, stayed with a Mrs. Paul, of 16 Corus Street, Camford Street, S.E. I'm up to my eyes in it here, as you know, and want every available man—otherwise I should have come to see you personally instead of—ha!—doing confidential business over the telephone. Will you help me? I am posting you a photograph—with particulars—of a woman named Mary Durdan *alias* Mary Ryder, wanted for the murder of Richard Durdan here in Millborough, and supposed to have committed suicide. I'm going a long way back. That was twenty-four years ago. But I have reasonable grounds for suspecting that Mrs. Paul is this Mary Durdan. Full particulars of the case will reach you.

"In the meantime, would you oblige me by putting her under the observation of a really clever man, with instructions to find out everything possible about her pending the arrival of official papers, description, photograph, etc. I'm tied down here; but later I hope to be free to give my personal attention more fully to the matter."

"Certainly, Collett," answered the Assistant Commissioner. "I expect you're in for a hot time. I'll put the matter in hand at once. You know Pickles, of course. He lent you a hand over the jewel business. I can't do better than put the case in his hands. I'll see about it now."

Collett scowled. There had not been too much good feeling between him and Chief Inspector Pickles, and he had got rid of the little man, whose investigations had at one time taken an awkward turn as well as proving the Chief Constable's theories wrong on the subject of the murder of Stevens, the footman. At the same time, circumstances were different in the present case. Collett had not wished the mystery of the Millborough jewels to be solved. He was most anxious for a solution of the mystery round about Mrs. Paul.

"Thanks!" he said, and rang off.

The Assistant Commissioner spoke into another telephone, and requested Chief Inspector Pickles to come to him immediately.

Married life, and well-cooked, digestible food had wrought a marked improvement both in Mr. Pickles' health and personal appearance. He still wore an apologetic, somewhat depressed expression, but he looked much more robust than when, barely convalescent and wearing a chest-protector, insisted upon by his wife, Lisette, he had, in the guise of a scavenger, shadowed Old Stump to a cottage tenanted by a woman with blind eyes and a cruelly scarred and disfigured face.

And though Mr. Pickles had not made any arrests, it did not follow that he had been standing still since then. He had methods and ways that were peculiarly his own.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR.

Troops to Quell the Riot.

LUKE WOAD sober was one man, and Luke Woad, drunk, was another.

And Woad was drunk with liquor as well as with ambition and triumph. The one glass had begun the mischief. Others had followed, and, after more than twelve months' total abstinence, the drink had gone to his brain and set it on fire. And when Woad was drunk, the man's plausible cunning yielded to the underlying brutal animalism in his nature.

Forewarned was forearmed. The widely advertised mass meeting had passed off quietly, though it had acclaimed unanimously the determination not to abate a single demand. Luke Woad had been one of the speakers, and sober. He had kept himself well within bounds with wonderful cunning, yet all the while scattering sparks.

But now he was drunk. It was evening again in Millborough, and drizzle was falling. An air of ruinous stagnation was already settling down on the great cotton town, though the streets were alive with thin streams of humanity, little groups—and police everywhere, never permitting a crowd to gather in any of the thoroughfares.

There was a hush, and sullen-faced, ominous-looking men forgot their grievances for a moment as a hearse and a mourning-carriage in one passed along one of the streets.

Some doffed their caps, and whispered questions. It was too late for a burial that evening, and someone whispered that it must be somebody brought back to Millborough for burying. The occupants of the mourning compartment were not distinguishable.

But in Shorthouse Row, into which the vehicle turned, they were better informed. And those who were not wandering about the streets restlessly and sullenly, vaguely expecting something to happen, stood at their doorways, respectfully silent.

A light gleamed in the Willows' little house, and a kindly neighbour had made all straight and ready within, and had dressed herself in black for mourning.

They were saying hard things, many of them in the town now, about Lord Millborough as a master, for Luke Woad had turned the tide, but at all events he had been kind enough to Pat Willow, taking him from the hospital and sending him away to the convalescent home by the sea, where, it was said, Beth often went to him.

But it was all over now, and Pat Willow was being brought back to Millborough that his last whispered wish might be fulfilled—to rest in the same grave with his first wife, many years ago Lizzie Talbot, housemaid-parlour-maid at the Gostock vicarage.

Slowly and solemnly they bore the coffin into the little house, and two veiled figures followed, the slighter of the two clinging to the arm of the other.

And the neighbours whispered. For they realised that the slight figure, something about it eloquently suggestive of ill-health, clinging to Beth Willow's arm was Fairy Willow, with whose name and character the gossips of Shorthouse Row had been very busy, owing to certain rumours and whispers that had reached them.

In fact, both Beth and Fairy had been food for much talk and whispering—Beth who had thrown up work in Millborough, and had gone to live in London. It was all queer, and more in it—so they said in Shorthouse Row—than met the eye.

Away in Corus Street Mrs. Paul was watching over Fairy's baby.

* * * * *

Lord Millborough had not yet returned from London, where a Government attempt was being made to bring the strike to a speedy conclusion; but the prospect at present seemed remote.

Unrest was in the air, and the strike was spreading and communicating itself to other industries. Railway men were threatening, and had passed a resolution refusing to work any trains for the transport of troops. Work had ceased at several of the collieries in the neighbourhood of Millborough, which had become a kind of storm-centre from which discontent radiated.

The big hooligan element in the town, from which the Rough Terrors in the past had been recruited, was causing the police considerable uneasiness. The Chief Constable seemed tireless, being here, there, and everywhere.

Luke Woad had been acquitted, but his arrest and detention had added to the martyr's crown that he had previously claimed for himself, and severe sentences, passed on a batch of rioters, against whom there had been conclusive evidence, had embittered the relations between the man in the crowd and the police.

And on this evening, when all that remained of Pat Willow had been brought back to Millborough for burial, there was a suppressed excited feeling in the air that something was going to happen—a feeling experienced not only by the men and women in the street, but by the police themselves.

The Chief Constable was at the central police station, the official hub of affairs. There was a continual coming and going to and from the telephone and telegraph-room. Mounted police continually jingled in and out the station-yard, sort of *aides-de-camp* to their Chief. Reports were being received from all quarters of the town.

According to these reports all seemed quiet.

But Luke Woad had gone on the drink, after a long spell of prison-enforced abstinence and a scientifically worked-out system of diet, and the man who, sober, had been cunning enough to preach peace and patience and restraint from violence—with his tongue very plainly stuck in his cheek—was changed into a dangerous madman.

Collett sat in his private office. It was characteristic of the man that he was dressed in his full official uniform, medals and all—as a rule only donned on big, civic occasions. But the man was a military martinet at heart, and could he have had his way his men would have been armed with magazine rifles and bayonets in place of truncheons.

"Come in!" he cried, in answer to a knock.

One of his inspectors entered and saluted, and spoke simultaneously.

"Thornton's mill's on fire, sir. Telephone message just come through!"

The central fire-station was a part of the block of municipal buildings which included the police-station, and as the inspector spoke, the jangle of bells and rumble of wheels and clatter of hoofs told of the first fire-engine already under way.

The mill in question was just outside the town.

The suppressed roar of voices and the clatter of clogged feet penetrated into the office. Men and women were hurrying to the scene of the fire.

Collett, a moment before writing at a table, was up. He barked out orders at the inspector, and barked more into the telephone—orders concentrating police on Thornton's Mill. The fire would draw the mob there.

If the fire, accidental or the work of an incendiary, got a hold on the great buildings, and blazed, it would excite and bring out the worst passions of the crowd, already in a suppressed, inflammable state.

Collett knew that; knew that every hooligan in Millborough would be on his way to the scene of the conflagration.

Clatter and jangling bells and hoarse shouts told of a second engine under way.

The inspector was gone from the room; but Collett, like a captain in his conning-tower, remained in his office, barking instructions into telephone and speaking-tube.

This time the inspector did not herald his entrance with a knock.

"What the dickens is it now?" demanded the Chief Constable.

"Poppleton's factory's on fire, sir!"

Collett crushed under an oath. No doubt now that an incendiary was at work.

The destination of the third engine from the central fire-station was altered. Again Collett was jolting out commands at the inspector, into speaking-tube, and lastly gave a call into the telephone. He was going to summon troops to Millborough.

Two fires, and the town seething with discontent—it was no time to take risks. But he had not obtained his call when the mayor and chief magistrate, white-faced, entered into the room.

"We must have the troops—as a precaution—in readiness—but we must have them——"

"I'm sending for them! Don't interrupt. I'm through——"

Collett had got his call.

"You—commanding officer? I'm Collett, Chief Constable, Millborough. What? Bad as that? Some of your men can drive. No? Then march!"

"What, what?" bleated the Mayor of Millborough, drawing conclusions from the broken sentences that had reached him.

"They'll have to march here!" snapped Collett. "The railwaymen won't work the trains. In that case, they can't be here under five hours. If I'd been allowed to have my way, we should have had them encamped in the park ready to hand. Now! But you confounded civilians funked it. If there's trouble to-night beyond us, the blame's not mine, but yours, the Watch Committee's, the Council's—all your squeamish, molly-coddling old women—whose motto is to bolt the stable-door after the horse is stolen!"

Collett's feelings had momentarily mastered him. A whistle screamed in one of the speaking-tubes.

"Hullo? What!"

A telephone message had come through that police reinforcements were urgently needed at Thornton's mill. The message had been dispatched from the police-station hard by.

The crowd had prevented the fire-engines from getting to work, and already a red sky, like a lurid sunset, shot with thunder-clouds, was telling a story of its own.

And then it was, as if two rival suns were pitting their lurid glories one against the other, Poppleton's factory had burst into a blaze.

Collett shouted instructions back into the tube. Every master in the town had demanded police protection for the buildings after the strike proclamation, and despite his reinforcements the Chief Constable's resources had been taxed to the utmost. But there was nothing to be done now but to withdraw a number of men from this duty, and send them where they were most needed.

These commands given, he picked up the telephone connected with the police-station private exchange.

"What?" he hissed into the instrument.

"I am afraid the wires have been cut, sir. Not a minute ago!" came back the hurried reply.

"Wires cut!" he grated out at the mayor, who had been present all this while, and was trembling and sweating profusely.

Again he spoke into a speaking-tube, ordered his horse and escort, and jingled out, sabred and be-spurred. It was time for him to take his place on the field of action, but one of a central position, for there was no knowing where trouble might not concentrate or break out.

He carried a couple of revolvers in his holsters when, with a mounted escort, he rode from the station, a fine, forbidding figure.

In the meantime, the glare of fire, spreading its lurid area over the night-sky, was lighting up Shorthouse Row, from which already there had been a great exodus of men and women, some making for the centre of the town, some to Thornton's mill, and others to Poppleton's factory.

The rushing of feet and a curious lighting-up of the lowered blind of the bedroom window drew Beth from Fairy's side. They were alone now. The kindly neighbour had stolen away, tiptoeing in the presence of death. Those who had borne the mortal remains of Pat Willow to the bedroom he had occupied during life, before consumption had stricken him, were gone also.

Beth had taken Fairy to her bedroom, a broken-hearted, remorse-stricken, crushed Fairy, overwhelmed

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

For the five best replies I will give briar pipes. Mark postcards "Race." (See page 1040.)

with the thought that her conduct had helped to hasten her father's death. Beth had undertaken many hard tasks in her unselfish life, but never a harder one than to attempt to comfort Fairy.

"I don't want to live, Beth," Fairy had moaned. "I've brought nothing but misery to everyone."

But Beth had spoken to her of her child, appealing to the natural mother in her, and Fairy, dazed and helpless and very much like a child herself, was suffering Beth to undress her when the blind lit up curiously and drew Beth to the window.

"A fire!" she whispered, and below she could see men and women scurrying along swiftly.

She had not given much heed to previous clatterings, for she knew of the strike and the great unrest prevailing. Fairy crept to her side, her teeth chattering.

"Look!" she whispered. "Is it only reflection—or are there two?"

"Who's that?" from Beth. She could not see the pavement on the near side, but someone must have come along, and was knocking on the street door.

"Stay here, lass!" she whispered to Fairy. "I'll [illegible]"

"Don't leave me alone long!" shivered Fairy. "I'm afraid. It's awful—what's happening in the town—I hate to be alone!"

The person below was knocking again, and Short-house Row had become almost a deserted thoroughfare. Beth hurried to the door, and unlocked it.

The man outside was a stranger to her; his clothes were dishevelled and his eyes bloodshot. He was breathing heavily.

"Ah've coom from the Windmill!" he panted. "Maister Drake's been set upon—and 'urt badly. Will ye coom to 'im—there's a fear 'e won't live thro' the night!"

"Oh, God!" breathed Beth, and looked like falling.

But her great will came to her assistance, though afterwards her remembrance of what followed was very blurred—of going to Fairy—of saying something to her incoherently—of kissing her—of hurrying along Shorthouse Row with the dishevelled man whose eyes were bloodshot—of a red flare in the sky—of hurrying men and women, and hoarse shouts, and police—though there was no street fighting, and no impassable, congested crowds. Everybody seemed to be hurrying in one of two directions, towards Thornton's mill or Poppleton's factory, situated in opposite quarters.

"Let's cut thro' Ingham's Lane!" shouted Beth's companion.

She followed him blindly, her knees knocking and threatening to give way under her.

"Ah've stuck to the mester," panted her guide. "And Ah'm goin' to stick to 'im, tho' maybe it's as much as my life's worth on a night like this."

But Beth's ears only recorded unintelligible sounds. The short-cut brought them out at the back of the great premises, police guarding every entrance, but in diminished numbers. Collett had drawn off every available man to control the two crowds surging round the two fires that had become the two danger-spots.

The man with bloodshot eyes whispered something to a constable, who turned and hammered on the locked door behind him. A key was turned and bolts withdrawn. The man who opened it was one of the firm's firemen.

"Take me to him!" choked Beth, and followed him with swaying body and tottering feet.

And presently she found herself in Lord Millborough's office, and through a haze she saw the man she loved lying stretched on a couch. The others in the room were as shadows to her. With a low cry she reeled to the couch, and sank to her knees. But he was unconscious, eyes closed, and head bandaged.

In her agony she kissed his white lips, and then hid her face in her hands, voicing an incoherent, silent, and impassioned prayer. Time was not, and surroundings and individuals were not. She asked no questions in her tortured soul. She was only conscious of the still and bandaged figure of the man she loved.

Someone touched her on the shoulder. It was a doctor, and he was merciful in his intention.

"I want you to help me!" he whispered.

And his words acted like a spur.

"Anything—anything!" she breathed, and rose to her feet, suddenly alive again and eager. To be able to do something for the man she loved!

She was the only woman present. The great premises that in normal times and hours gave work to over a thousand did not hold a score on this night. A few firemen and watchmen, who had not been terrorised into striking, scattered over various quarters of the buildings, but relying for safety on the police outside, and in Lord Millborough's office a doctor, a fireman, and a couple of watchmen.

"There's a bag in my car—on the seat. The car's in the yard. Will you get it?"

"Anything!" she repeated.

The doctor wanted to give her something to do, and he wanted her out of the room, for a few seconds, in order that he might make a brief, but grim examination.

She was no stranger to the premises. Lights burned in the corridor, and the door giving entrance to the great barrack-like yard set round with barrack-like buildings was unlocked.

In the yard itself were lorries laden with bales; but all was still and stagnant. The roar and hubbub came from outside. The only lights here were those of the doctor's car, which he had driven himself, and had been passed by the police into the yard on his arrival to attend on Drake after he had been discovered lying unconscious by the side entrance to the office-portion of the buildings. He must have been set upon just as he was about to admit himself.

Beth reached the car, lorries laden with bales on either side of it, and one of the car's headlights played on her for a moment like a stage limelight. Though the sky overhead was lurid, the tall buildings cast shadows.

The little car was completely covered in, and she had gained it and was opening the door when a shadow, a swift-moving shadow, sprang from behind one of the lorries, was upon her—like a garrotter, one arm from behind round her throat throttlingly, and the other free hand clapped over mouth chokingly. So quick, so sudden, so overpowering, that no cry escaped her.

She writhed impotently, but silently, and then her body went slowly limp under the hideous pressure. She had lost consciousness. There was no pause. Gathering her up in his arms the man, whom drink had turned into a mad fiend on this night, hurried across the deserted yard with her, like one familiar with every inch of ground, flung back an unlocked door, and vanished into the darkness beyond. . . .

Something cutting into her arms . . . something across her mouth stifling her . . . a darkness that hurt before her eyes—these were Beth's first sensations.

She tried to stir. She tried to scream.

A face was shaping.

The face had become Luke Woad's. It blazed with drink and mad lust. The light came from something he gripped, scrunched-up paper burning like a torch.

And then Beth saw more clearly, realised suddenly, in a most tortured clear way, where she was—in the great warehouse of a place where the cotton bales were stacked and unpacked.

Some bales had been ripped open, and the raw stuff lay about.

But she could not move; she could not cry. Her heart beat as if trying to burst out of her body. Her eyes had gone frightfully big.

And the nightmare became more fiendishly nightmarish. The hideous, drink-maddened face came close to hers.

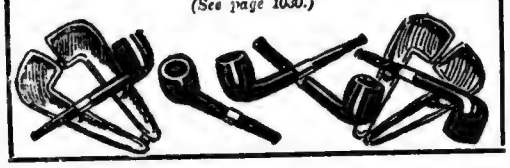
"Your secret—or I fire the mill!" whispered Luke Woad, his breath reeking with drink. "Ah will, and Ah've no time to spare. Ah've 'eard about that kid in London. Coom on! Out wi' it. Who's the feyther of yo'r kid? 'Im—Drake? Out wi' it!"

And then to add to the awful, unreal horror of it all, the improvised torch he gripped burned itself out, and the place became dark. There was a rasping of a match, and he sheltered the flame in his hands for a moment before holding it close to her face.

"Who's the feyther of yo'r kid? Coom on. Out with it, or I jerk this match into the stuff, and the place will be blazing like hell-fire in a couple o' ticks. In any case, it'll burn—may all Millborough burn—but it rests wi' yo', Beth, whether yo' burn wi' it or not!"

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

You'd like to win a pipe in a case?
Then carry "Pearson's" from place to place.
(See page 1030.)



BIRTHDAY MOTTOES.

Thurs., April 11.
THE most faithful follower of the sporting tipster is the man with the empty purse.

Fri., April 12.
SOMEBODY once said that figures don't lie. Rubbish! Dress a woman, and she is a bundle of lies.

Sat., April 13.
WHEN a woman is speechless with rage a man has a noisy time of it.

Sun., April 14.
No sensible man will agree that two heads are better than one—at least, he won't when he has to pay for his wife's hats.

Mon., April 15.
OVERWORK is a fashionable disease with lazy people—and a doctor can always make money by prescribing for it.

Tues., April 16.
EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune, but it is a pity so many people are at present out on strike.

Wed., April 17.
WHEN a man is full of whisky he always uses his mouth as a fire-escape.

SCURF and FALLING HAIR STOPPED IN 99 CASES OUT OF 100.

Most of our readers will doubtless have noticed that recently we have referred in our columns to a hair tonic from which extraordinary results have been obtained; in fact, so great is the manufacturers' confidence in their preparation that they have authorised certain chemists to return the money to anybody who is not satisfied after using one bottle.

This marvellous preparation is known as Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic, and statistics recently taken show that it gave satisfaction in 99 cases out of 100. If, therefore, any of our readers are suffering from hair or scalp trouble they would be well advised to invest in a bottle, which only costs 2s. 11d., or by post 3d. extra.

A printed guarantee form is given at the time of the purchase, and the amount spent will be refunded by the chemist if the tonic does not give satisfaction. Marvellous results have certainly been obtained, in view of which we consider the price most reasonable.

Among the agents in this district who give the guarantee are: — Boots, Cash Chemists, all branches; Lewis and Burrows, all branches; Taylor's Drug Stores, all branches; Timothy White and Co. Ltd., all branches; Parkes' Drug Stores, all branches; the Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and the Junior Army and Navy Stores, but we are given to understand that owing to the marvellous success of this preparation leading chemists all over the country are arranging to sell it under the guarantee referred to above.

Laitova Lemon Cheese

IRRESISTIBLE!

A daily spread for the children's bread.

It saves the butter bill.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

If your grocer has not got "Laitova" Lemon Cheese, send us his name and address and 1/- P.O., and we will send you two large jars of "Laitova" and a packet of the new Kkovah Twin Jellies, carriage paid.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM Ltd., 23 Cornbrook, Q M 24. MANCHESTER.

SPECIAL OFFER.

An ART METAL BOX, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book and a book on "Training" by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1s. post free by PLASMON Ltd. (Dept. PW), Farringdon Street, London.

2/6 worth of PLASMON COCOA will do you as much good as 25/- worth of ANY PURE COCOA at the same price.

Analysis PROVES that

PLASMON COCOA

is a Complete Food and Delicious Beverage, TEN TIMES more nutritious than ANY pure cocoa.

(See "British Medical Journal," and "Lancet.")

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY

I don't think that any sensible ladies believe in tight lacing nowada

Too Old for Anything

The Greatest Moment in the Life of an Aged Man.

By JAMES SHERLIKER.

OLD Joe dusted the cracked mirror that hung against the kitchen wall and looked into it.

Yes, he reflected, there was no doubt about it, he was really an old man. His forehead was a mass of furrows, and his teeth were gone, and the little hair left him was whitening rapidly.

He turned to the dresser and took up a faded photograph of a middle-aged man in running costume with his own name, "Joseph Stubbs," scrawled underneath, and gazed at it fixedly for a minute.

"Joe," he said, shaking his head, "yo're done, lad; yo're done. Yo'll run no more."

He sat down slowly—very slowly—into the arm-chair that he used to clear at a bound, and stared across at the empty one opposite with the antimacassar across the back that his "old woman" had made a few months before she died. He wondered if she could see him now, all alone, and whether she ever came back to peep at the old room as she told him she would when she was dying.

"Wot yo're cryin' for, Joe?" he muttered, brushing a tear away. "Wot yo're cryin' for? We've all to come to it. We've all to come to it."

With a forced smile he bent over and stroked the cat—his only companion—and repeated to the animal the history of his misfortunes in the shaky manner peculiar to second childhood; how he used to be straight-limbed and strong, and how, when he got old, they turned him off at the factory because they said he trembled and might fall over against the machinery. And now he was to go to the workhouse—the workhouse!

"Wot d'yo think of it, pussy, eh? After workin' for nigh on sixty year. That's wot yer childer do for yo after yo've brought 'em up. Go off an' get married, an' leave their parents to take pot luck. Wot d'yo think of it, pussy? Never expect anythin' from your kits, old girl. They all ferget yo—all ferget yo'."

A knock at the door was followed by the appearance of the old man's married daughter. She carried a few-months-old baby in her shawl, and a newly-trousered boy clung to her skirts.

"Hello, dad!" she said, kissing him. "'Ow d'yo' feel? Why, yo've bin cryin'. I do wish yo' wouldn't take on so!"

"Can't 'elp it, lass. I'm done—worked out. I've only just realised it."

The woman laid her infant on a chair and knelt at her parent's knee.

"But yo' don't blame me, dad. Say yo' don't. I've done my best."

"I blame nob'dy. I'm old, an' past my work, an' I must accept wot the Master sends me."

She laid her head against the old man's side and pressed the skinny fingers the while he whistled an old-time tune of his boyhood in his endeavour to assume a cloak of unconcern.

"I suppose I shall get accustomed to it," he said at last.

The old case clock at the foot of the stairs that had ticked out his hours of happiness for nearly a lifetime now ticked out his minutes of misery. The time of his departure was approaching. He looked up at the hands, and his daughter felt him shiver.

"Feeling a bit cold," he said.

"I've come to tell yo'," she said slowly, "that I've been tryin' again to talk Tom round."

Then, in a fit of weeping, she explained how she had appealed a third time to her husband to take her father in and save him from the "House."

She described the scene they had had. Tom had sternly refused to consider the proposal even when it was pointed out that Old Joe's old-age pension would be sufficient to pay for his food. As a married man, he said, he had a right to have his home to himself, and he was going to have it. Old folks were best by themselves or with others of their own age.

What was wrong with the workhouse, he would like to know. Wasn't it clean, and warm, and comfortable? Didn't he help to keep it going, too, the same as every other working man?

Did his wife think that *he* would grumble at having to go when he was old? No, he would go to-morrow if he was past work, and go cheerfully. The fact, plain fact, was her father was too mighty uppish in his old age. Better chaps than he was had had to enter the house. It was a very nice place—plenty of good, plain, satisfying food, and nice beds. The idea of anybody not wanting to go to the workhouse was ridiculous—ridiculous.

"'As Tom ever been there?" the old man asked grimly.

"Look 'ere, Nan," he added sharply. "Yo' can tell 'im as I wouldn't come an' live with 'im now if 'is cottage was a pallis. I never begged in my life, an' I never 'anged on anybody, an' I won't start now."

He rose and pushed his daughter from him, and walked across the room, his old figure trembling with indignation.

"Joe Stubbs is no coward!" he called, raising his voice. "I might *'ate* the workhouse, but I'm not afraid of it, lass. Tell yo're 'usband that!

"An' tell him from me not to forget that one day 'e'll be old 'imself—old and totterin' same's me. See if 'e'll think as 'ighly of the 'ouse then, lass. Why, if yo're mother was alive she'd go to 'im, an' she—she'd——"

Old Joe waved his stick in the air in violent explanation of his meaning. Then, in response to his daughter's repeated appeals, he allowed himself to be helped into his chair. He gripped the arms to steady his quivering form, and, having subsided somewhat, began to look round absent-mindedly for the clay pipe which was already in his hand.

Nan placed it between his lips and struck a match

Carry your "Pearson's" straight home to your wife!
Carry it, sir, you may win a penknife!
(See page 1030.)

as she had done many times before, in the old, old days.

As she did so the door was pushed open, and her husband entered. Old Joe met his gaze with the proud, defiant look of a desperate prisoner whose appeal has been in vain. He had nothing more to lose and nothing to gain by being friendly. Fixing his still fiery eye on the new-comer he raised himself from the chair, stretched himself to his full height, pointed majestically to the door, and ordered him to leave.

"Come, come, dad," the son-in-law said. "There's no need for all this heartbreaking. If yo' reelly are takin' it so bad, well, we must try an' make room for yo'."

His speech was welcomed by his young wife with a cry of delight, and she rushed to her father's side and made as if to drag him away. But Old Joe waved her off.

"No, no!" he cried. "If I've to be a pauper I'll be a State pauper an' not a son-in-law's dependent. I've done my duty, an' I'll take what the country offers me!"

His trembling hand was still pointing to the door, and the young man moved towards it and beckoned to his wife. For a moment she held back, but a glance from her father reminded her of her place, and she picked up her infant.

He kissed the children in the grand manner of a king conferring his favours upon the offspring of his subjects, and hobbled across the room and threw the door wide open. The son-in-law slouched, with a contemptuous shrug, to the street. His young wife followed, the tears streaming down her cheeks; and the mystified child clinging to her skirts shook his chubby fist at the shaking figure with his hand on the latch who, he believed, had made his mother cry.

Old Joe closed and locked the door. He hobbled across to his dead wife's chair and knelt down and buried his face in a cushion.

"O God! make me strong!" he moaned.

HOAXED BY UNIFORM.

Some Amazing Actions of People in Uniform.

THE way in which a British policeman regulates traffic or manages a crowd has often been the wonder of foreigners. In Paris, when a traffic gendarme holds up his white baton to stop a stream of vehicles, it is always a point of honour with the drivers and chauffeurs to try and ride him down.

In London, the raised hand of one policeman can hold up the traffic for miles, without any fuss or trouble. Why is this?

The reason is to be found in the curious respect with which Britishers treat uniforms of any sort. Some time ago a bandsman was stranded without any money at a distant provincial town. How he was to get to London was a problem. At last, a brilliant idea struck him.

As his train drew up in the station, he boldly opened a first-class carriage, and, stepping in, demanded a ticket from the gentleman who was its sole occupant. The gentleman looked at the gold lace upon the bandsman's cap, and obediently gave up his ticket, convinced that he was an authorised official of some sort. The bandsman quietly got into another carriage and travelled up to London scot free.

That Uninvited Guest.

This influence of clothes has been shown in many ways. It is still the practice for a number of young men with a love of enjoyment, and no money for the gratifying of it, to attend the crowded balls given by distinguished leaders of Society. They arrive in faultless evening dress, which franks them into the house, and the hostess, who has probably to shake hands with three or four hundred persons, never suspects that the daring, well-dressed young man is an uninvited guest.

The uniform of a clergyman has frequently been used by people as a means of earning a living. An over-worked vicar requires a holiday. He has to find somebody to take on his duties.

He writes to an agent in town who submits him a name. Strictly speaking, he should forward that name to the Bishop of the diocese, who keeps what is known as a "black list"—that is to say, an index of undesirable priests. It happens sometimes, however, that the vicar is in a hurry and neglects this formality, only too often with disastrous consequences.

Six months ago, in a diocese not a hundred miles from London, a clergyman was so obtained to take temporary duty. He arrived in spotless clergyman's clothes of the very latest cut; preached an excellent sermon, stayed for a whole week, and performed all the duties that were wanted of him, including the marrying of three or four couples.

A month later the vicar discovered that this man had never been ordained, and that as a matter of fact he had only a few weeks previous to his engagement come out of prison. It was the clerical uniform that had done it, and as a result of the imposture, the couples had to be re-married.

Stopped the City Traffic for a Day.

Several years ago London rang with the story of a navvy's successful wager. He bet a pal that he would stop the traffic down one side of Lud. to Circus for a whole day.

Early in the morning he arrived in the C. with four wooden poles and four wooden p. He set these up so as to form a square l. right across one side of the thoroughfare. T. with his pick he took up a small section of the wood pavement, no one hindering him. At the end of the day he retired, without a single question having been asked him, and having, of course, fulfilled the terms of his wager.

Last May a very similar incident took p. in Oxford Street. A famous firm of engineering contractors had been engaged to lay certain g. The work was entrusted to a young m. of their staff, who, for some reason or ano. got into his head the quite mistaken notion t. the pipes in question had to be laid in Oxford S.

He arrived with his gang of men and told the policeman on duty that he was going to l. two hundreds yards of piping.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, when two hundred feet of piping had been l. the district surveyor happened to pass along and saw to his amazement what was being done. The work was, of course, immediately stopped. But had not the surveyor chanced to be passing, the whole of Oxford Street would probably have been torn up.

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The Soothing Cure For
PILES

Mrs. F. W. Harrison (Coventry).

BURNING PAIN BANISHED

"I SUFFERED from piles nine years," writes Mrs. F. W. Harrison, of 61 St. John's Street, Coventry. "They were caused by internal growth, and though this was removed by surgical operation the piles still remained. I was in constant torture, the aching and burning pain making my life miserable. While the attacks were on work was out of the question; in fact, I got so run-down through the terrible pain that I didn't feel fit for anything. **For eighteen months I was under one doctor,** with the piles all the time getting more objectionable. Besides doctor's treatment I tried all kinds of ointments and salves without getting any relief.

"Reading how another sufferer's piles had been cured by Zam-Buk caused me to try this new herbal balm. I can never be thankful enough that I took this step, for **Zam-Buk worked wonders.** It soothed the burning, aching pain, and gradually drove the piles away. I was very grateful for the relief Zam-Buk brought me after my nine years' torture.

"My perseverance with Zam-Buk has now resulted in **the piles being completely cleared away.** I want you to publish my experience so that other poor sufferers may be induced to try Zam-Buk, which cured me so wonderfully. There's nothing else like Zam-Buk."

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For Eczema, Bad Legs, & Ringworm.

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DICKENS' CENTENARY

CATESBYS DROLLERIES

1ST SERIES: DICKENS.

No. 13.—QUILP.

QUILP (quizzingly)—"Yes, Mrs. Quilp, I'm off again. I'm off to be a bachelor. I'll set up my Bachelor's Hall at the wharf, at the counting-house, and Tom Scott, the *dog*, shall deck it out well. Yes, we'll have a hammock to sleep in, and a nice oil stove, and lots to eat and lots to drink, and—LI-NOLA—Catesbys' bordered Cork Lino on the floor—Mrs. Quilp. Don't you remember our walk just before you made me the happiest man on earth, our pleasant outing, my love, in Tottenham Court Road, with your mother, my delightful mother-in-law—how is the dear old lady? Don't you remember that window full of Catesbys' LI-NOLA? And then the grand stock within—LI-NOLAND, was it not, my love? Wasn't it beautiful, weren't the terms easy, and the Li-nola cheap? Didn't it spell death to dust and dirt and scrubbing and hard work? Yes, you know it did. And when you and the dear old lady—are you sure she's quite well?—begged me to have Catesbys' Li-nola laid in our little nest at Tower Hill. I promised to get it for my pretty cooing dove; for you weren't Mrs. Quilp then, you know. But I never intended you to have LI-NOLA—oh, no! you had to be trained, gently trained. It was necessary you should work hard, scrub floor until your little back felt like breaking, and your little arms dropped almost out of their sockets. That's why I didn't give you LI-NOLA; you would have had much too easy a time, because LI-NOLA looks so nice, and is so clean and bright, and saves so much toil and trouble and worry. You'd have been having your tea-parties every day, with shrimps and watercress, and those nice old ladies who come to spur you on to fight against the tyrannies of man, and what would you have said of the rich LI-NOLA border? But you know your duty, Mrs. Quilp, don't you? Pretty Mrs. Quilp? Docile Mrs. Quilp? Obedient Mrs. Quilp? Oh, well-trained Mrs. Quilp.

"But now I'm off to be a bachelor, a devil-may-care bachelor, and it's going to be all easy and comfortable at Bachelor's Hall. Catesbys' LI-NOLA on the floor. You've cried for it often, you jade, and now I'm going to buy it—but not for you, Mrs. Quilp—for me, for Bachelor's Hall. A man can make his place beautiful as a Hall, and keep things clean and right if he has LI-NOLA, Mrs. Quilp. You may come to see me, some day, my dear, and tell me how glad you are, how your heart overflows with thankfulness, how you are transported with delight, that Quilp is so happy and comfortable. And then you'll go back to Tower Hill and scrub and scrub again, and leave me at Bachelor's Hall with my ease and comfort, and CATESBYS' LI-NOLA. Won't I enjoy myself, Mrs Quilp! Don't you wish *you* had LI-NOLA on the floor—so that *you* would have no more scrubbing and drudgery? *I'm* going, Mrs. Quilp, to get LI-NOLA—hadn't *you* better go and get some for yourself, too?"

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DAINTY DISHES.

French Artichokes.

Wash, trim, and boil the artichokes in plenty of salted water, with the tops downwards, and allow to cook until the leaves can be easily drawn out. Then remove the chokes and the leaves, leaving only the tender part. Cut them into about half a dozen pieces, dip in batter, and fry in hot fat till lightly browned. Serve with fried parsley.

Stewed Cucumbers.

Take two or three sound cucumbers, peel and cut them into quarters lengthways, remove the seeds, dry them and dip in flour and fry in hot butter till they are a light brown. Lift out of the frying pan with an egg slice, and drain them, put them in a saucepan with a teacupful of good gravy. Season with pepper and salt and stew till tender. Just before serving add a dessertspoonful of chilli vinegar and a lump of sugar.

Sweet Rice.

Make a syrup by adding a cupful of sugar to as much water as will be required to cook the rice. Fry the rice in a tablespoonful of butter until it is slightly brown. Then add the syrup and a few blanched almonds, two tablespoonfuls of shredded raw cocoanut, a few stoned raisins, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of saffron. Cover tightly and cook till the rice is tender, when all the moisture should have been absorbed. Turn out and serve.

Poor Man's Goose (an excellent way of cooking liver).

Wash, wipe, and slice half a pound of liver, sprinkle one teaspoonful of flour on a plate, and put the liver on it. Season with pepper and salt and then place the slices in a greased pie-dish. Parboil one onion, mix it with a teaspoonful of pounded sage, and then sprinkle it between the layers of liver, and pour into the dish sufficient water to come half way up the dish. Parboil one pound of potatoes, cut them in slices, and place on the liver to form a crust to the dish. Bake for three-quarters of an hour. (This dish is equal in taste to goose.)

Welsh Cheesecake.

Take the weight of one egg in butter and sugar, and cream them together. Take the same weight in flour and one egg, and add them a little at a time alternately to the creamed butter and sugar, beating well at each addition. Then add two ounces of currants, the grated rind of half a lemon, and lastly half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Line some patty pans with short crust, and put into each a little jam, and on the top of this a small quantity of the mixture. Bake in a quick oven till nicely browned. Sift over with caster sugar before serving.

3 Cheap Puddings.

Cup-Tie Pudding.

Soak any stale bread in boiling milk until soft, mash it, and mix with one beaten egg, a little butter, and sugar to taste. Open a tin of apricots, place in a pie-dish, sprinkle with sugar, place the bread over them, and bake in the oven for one hour.

Blondell Pudding.

Take four ounces each of beef suet, flour, raisins, currants, and breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of treacle, and half a pint of milk. Flavour with a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Mix all together and boil in a buttered basin for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Take three ounces each of desiccated coacoanut and sugar and two and a half teacupfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix together in a pie-dish with a pint of milk. Then beat up two eggs and place on the top of the dish. Bake till brown.

OATINE SOAP FREE.

In these days many of the blemishes and disfigurements of the complexion are simply the result of using bad soap, which has a most injurious effect upon the skin, robbing it of its natural oil, and leaving it dry and rough. Good soaps leave the skin clear and soft, particularly Oatine Soap, which possesses healing and cleansing properties unprovided by any other soap.

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Men Ought to be Conceited

By NANCY PRICE.

(In this article Miss Nancy Price, the beautiful and popular actress, discusses the conceited man, and expresses some very original opinions on the subject. Miss Price has designed a smart coat and skirt for the fashion pages of this week's HOME NOTES, *and a free paper pattern can be had from that journal.)*

EVERY man thing in the world is conceited. Why not? Male birds have finer plumage, which, perhaps, helps to account for their conceit. Male animals are handsomer than female. Every student of natural history will acknowledge the air of superiority in *all* male animals.

The lion is far more conceited than the lioness, and so on down to dogs and cats. How humbly and with what an apologetic air a lady dog will creep along the street compared with the proud strut of a dog. He *is* the superior, and he knows it.

Ugly Men are Full of Conceit.

In male animals conceit takes only one form—the conscious superiority of sex, but amongst the human race it differs widely, though prompted by the same instincts. Some men are conceited about their brains, some because they are handsome, others because they are ugly.

There is a man well known in London who boasts of being too plain for any woman to resist. This is a form of conceit even greater than that of the man who prides himself on the cut of his beard. But, whatever form it takes, you will always find conceit, whenever you meet a man.

Sometimes a man takes a pride in pretending to be free from conceit; in reality, that man's conceit lies in his professed lack of it. He is a very interesting study, for there are no lengths to which he will not go, no trouble he will not take, to prove that he is quite devoid of the vanity which is part and parcel of every other man.

Wise Women Find the Weak Spot.

I am not condemning conceited men. I think men *ought* to be conceited. What should *we* do if they were not? It is only through man's conceit that we ever achieve anything. A wise woman finds out the weak spot in the armour of a man, makes herself fully acquainted with the subject of his conceit, his brains, looks, prowess in sport, or whatever it may be, and plays upon it, and in this way makes each man her slave.

There are, of course, two kinds of conceit—the small conceit which makes the coxcomb, the vain and somewhat contemptible "lady-killer," and there is the larger conceit which is found in all great men. This latter is a form of egotism without which there would be no successful men in the world.

All the greatest teachers from the early days of Greece and Rome up to the present time have been full of "I," and one of the most successful literary men of our time is the highest example of conceit.

It is the Road to Success.

Egotism (or conceit) is a very essential quality for a man in every walk of life, for it is only the egotistical man who succeeds. As long as a man believes in himself and impresses the fact sufficiently upon others so that they too believe in him, he is a success either in his work or socially, as the case may be, but once his faith in himself is shaken, that of others also dwindles away.

There is not one successful man in the world without his special brand of conceit, whether he be politician, lawyer, actor, or anyone else. Man always has been and always will be more conceited than the vainest woman.

Man and his egotism rules the world. Amongst our own sex the successful woman is the woman who panders to the conceit of man, individually and collectively. She exists to fulfil his conceit, and for that chiefly, if not solely.

Conceit, if not over indulged, is certainly one of the most desirable qualities for a man. Conceit—egotism—call it what you will.

The world takes a man at his own valuation; if he believes in himself, it believes in him.

HOME HINTS.

To Obtain a Brilliant Polish on Plate Glass.

Rub with a damp blue bag and polish with a chamois leather.

To Keep Flowers Fresh.

Place a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda in the water before putting them into the vase.

Coal.

Should be kept dry in a dry, airy place. It will burn longer and make a brighter fire than when kept in a close cellar without ventilation.

A Pad of Carpet

To fit the treadle of the sewing-machine will be found a great comfort when much stitching has to be done.

To Prevent the Skin from Discolouring

After a fall or blow, take a little dry starch, moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part.

To Clean White Straw Hats.

Dissolve one pennyworth of oxalic acid in one pint of water and scrub the hat thoroughly with a brush dipped in the solution.

To Tint Curtains.

Lace or muslin curtains can be tinted cream by dipping in weak tea or coffee. The latter should be carefully strained before the lace or muslin is dipped into it.

To Polish Steel.

Mix equal parts of sweet oil and turpentine with sufficient emery powder to form a thick cream. Apply with a soft cloth and polish with a leather.

To Clean Coral Beads.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of warm water. Dip the coral in, and when clean pass through tepid water. Dry by rolling in a soft towel.

To Revive Flowers

Which have been sent by post, cut off about an inch from the stems and place in very hot water. When this cools the flowers will be found quite fresh.

To Clean Gilt Mirror Frames.

Mix powdered whiting to a smooth paste with methylated spirit. Allow the spirit to evaporate, and brush off the paste before it becomes hard. Polish with a leather.

Economy in Eggs.

A dessertspoonful of vinegar added to a gill of milk will answer the purpose of two eggs for making cakes or rock cakes. The cakes will be much lighter and cheaper.

Panama Straw Hats

Should be washed in a warm Castile soap lather to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Rinse well in tepid water, using a soft nail brush, and rub dry with a soft rag.

To Keep Meat Fresh

Wash with weak vinegar and water, and spread over with small pieces of raw onion. This will keep meat fresh in the hottest weather. Before cooking remove the onion and wash in clear cold water.

To Remove Grease from Boards.

Take two ounces each of fuller's earth and pearlash and boil them in a pint of water. Stir well and apply to the boards, leaving the paste on for twenty-four hours. Then scrub off in the usual way.

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CHEST, LUNGS AND THROAT
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CAGE BIRDS.—Those who desire instructions on the keeping, feeding, and breeding of canaries and other cage birds, will find all the information they require in the book "Cage and Singing Birds," by George Gardner, which may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

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SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Do you want a diet hint, the practice of which will quickly clear your complexion, brighten your eyes, give a lovely colour to your cheeks and lips, and benefit your whole system? Cheap, quickly prepared and guaranteed wholesome and pleasant. For this valuable information, send Sixpenny Postal Order, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to Miss Walton (Division 3), 183 Walworth Road, London, S.E.

WEAK MEN, send for my two Books, FREE.—Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate St., London.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying Factory direct AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars.—British Boot Co., 319 Portland Square, Bristol.

MIDDLES.—The Competitors' Mutual Society supply Free Efforts on the "Pay when you Win" System. One member has won over 100 prizes, another 57, and scores over a dozen. No other firm in existence can show such a winning list of successes. Proof of our assertions are given in the Prize-winners' Chronicle, issued free. Send a penny stamp for two special efforts, any paper, and we will guarantee you to receive likely winners together with full particulars of our great mutual scheme.—Address, Superintendent, 27 Desmond Avenue, Newland, Hull.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

"ADAMS'S HYGIENIC FLOOR POLISH"

That Dreadful Run-Down Feeling!

Sufferers Strongly Advised to Use

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM.

MR. E. ELLIS, 75 St. Paul's Road, Birkenhead, writes:—"I remember some years ago using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa when suffering from anæmia—that dreadful run-down feeling, and I proved it to do me good, it seemed to quite build me up. It is especially good for indigestion. I can strongly advise any person suffering from that terrible indigestion to use Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, it will be found to give relief."

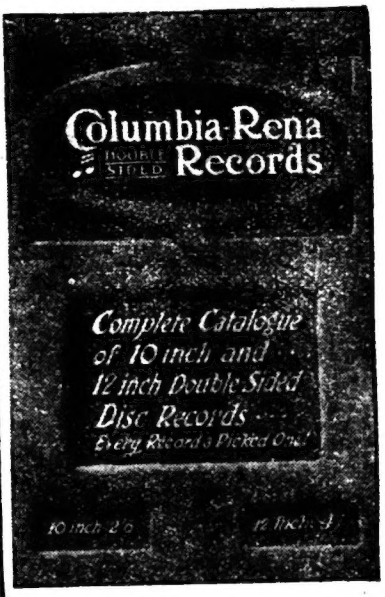
Vi-Cocoa is the most wonderful combination in the world. The public, however, should ask plainly for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa—it makes all the difference. Sold by grocers everywhere in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.

50,000 COPIES OF THIS CATALOGUE FREE TO READERS OF "P.W."

The Columbia Company's issue of a complete guide to Home Entertainment—Immense variety of Selections—Famous artistes you can hear and enjoy at home.

The manufacturers of Columbia-Rena Records, having just produced the most complete catalogue of popular-priced records ever issued, have set aside, for free distribution to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 50,000 copies.

This catalogue, the importance and far-reaching effects of which can hardly be estimated, gives in its 72 pages considerably over 2,000 selections of music and song and humorous entertainment. There must be many thousands of Graph-o-phone and gramophone owners among the readers of



"P.W." to whom this catalogue and the repertoire it offers will come as a surprise.

But one does not need to be a gramophone-user to appreciate it. For to the man who has not yet bought a Graph-o-phone it will come as an amazing revelation of the wealth of entertainment that he is missing.

It matters not what one's taste is—whether high-class music, grand opera, vocal or instrumental, ballads, topical songs, comic songs, or funny music-hall sketches—all are here in this remarkable catalogue.

It will show you how you can introduce famous artistes and bands into your own home—enjoying the finest entertainers in the world without moving from your arm-chair. It brings you the Regimental Band of H.M. Scots Guards in a hundred different selections, Walter Passmore sings as he sang at the Savoy in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, Morgan Kingston sings as he does at the Albert Hall, Josef Hofmann plays pianoforte selections—or you can turn to music-hall fare and laugh at the witticisms of the Polushis, Fred Kitchen, Chas. Austin (in "Parker, P.C."), Will Evans, Harry Champion, Billy Williams, Lew Lake, and a score of others.

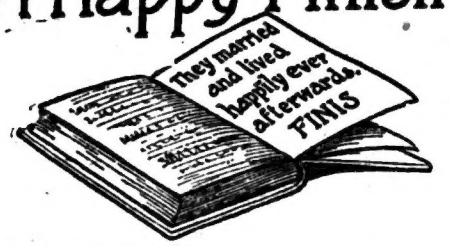
And on Sunday evening you can listen to Gipsy Smith or Wm. McEwan in their "revival" hymns, or take your choice of the numerous sacred selections which this remarkable catalogue offers you.

You are entitled to a copy if you will merely send a postcard for it. But send that postcard to-day.

Don't imagine that the records are high-priced. Columbia-Rena Records are double-sided and in two sizes, 10-inch, 2s. 6d. each, 12-inch, 4s. each. And each record carries TWO selections.

Write to-day for your copy of this catalogue—addressing the Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l (Dept. P.W.), 81 City Road, London, E.C.

A Happy Finish



NOW'S THE TIME!

In consequence of the coal strike lots of people who usually go away to the seaside or country for their Easter holiday, had this year to forego that pleasure. But when Whitsuntide comes along in a few weeks' time, the outlook will probably be bright again, and you will be able to take the wife and little ones away for a short holiday. Now why not try to insure a really good time by entering our new "Middles" Contest. As you will see if you turn to the first page, a fortunate Cambridge winner won the splendid prize of £85 for making the "Middle": Her Artfulness, from the word: Bashful. Do you think you could do as well as that? You never know what you can do till you try. So here is the opportunity to make a big sum of money. Don't put it off another minute. Try right away now!

OUR GUESTS AT THE INTERNATIONAL.

MARCH 23RD is a day that will long be remembered by the fifty Scottish readers who were our guests at the Football International at Glasgow. From start to finish the outing was an unqualified success, and each guest expressed himself or herself as delighted with the preparations that had been made for their comfort.

At the conclusion of the day's entertainment, our guests very kindly "passed the hat round" for the Fresh Air Fund, and the sum of £1 15s. was collected. We take this opportunity of thanking them very heartily for their generosity.

SHOULD HUSBANDS OPEN THEIR WIVES' LETTERS?

"SHOULD married couples read each other's letters?" is the query raised by N. W. L. "A large number of husbands open their wives' letters without thinking of asking permission to do so. I don't think this is right. But I should like to have your valuable opinion, especially as I am a married man myself, and my wife insists that we should know the contents of each other's letters and open them without formal permission. It is this last thing which I object to."——

Quite right, N. W. L. I think that husband and wife should have no secrets from one another, for sooner or later that will mean unhappiness. But you are right in contesting that your wife should not open your letters without permission. In some cases I think that wives should not only refrain from opening their husband's letters, but should not even wish to know their contents. A husband may have business letters which it is necessary should be kept absolutely private or even business worries which he thinks advisable to keep from his wife. On the other hand, girl friends might write to the wife very personal letters which they would not like masculine eyes to see. I think the person addressed on the envelope should have first chance of reading its contents.

CANNIBALISM AT THE DINNER TABLE.

HERE is a rather funny question that comes from a Northampton reader, R. S. He writes, "During dinner the other evening I happened to refer to cannibalism, and started to tell the company some stories I had read on the subject. Afterwards I was told that this wasn't a fit subject to talk about. Yet those very same people discussed the horrors of war, and I think that that is just as bad a subject. The point is what is an unpleasant topic of conversation?"——

Well, R. S., I think most people know what is an unpleasant thing to talk about all the time. What you really mean is *when* does a subject of conversation become unpleasant? After all is said, cannibalism is not exactly a nice subject when you have just got your knife into a tender steak. Over the cigars and coffee is a different matter. Association of ideas has spoilt many a good meal. The horrors of war are, I admit, as bad as cannibalism, but then nations don't as a rule eat their enemies. While you are eating you don't like to be reminded of people who are willing to eat you.

A GRUESOME SUBJECT.

SOME people have morbid minds. SUIC is one of these gentlemen, and writes: "Can you settle the following argument for me? I want to know among whom suicide is most common, married men, unmarried men, or widowers? I am pretty sure that married men kill themselves more than any of the others. Please let me know as soon as possible."——

You must be a cheerful person to know, SUIC. You did not mention in your letter, however, whether you are married or not! As a matter of fact, you are wrong in thinking that married men kill themselves off more than any other class. This distinction belongs to unmarried people, if you can call it a distinction! Next time you write you might choose a more cheerful subject!

WHY CHAPERON?

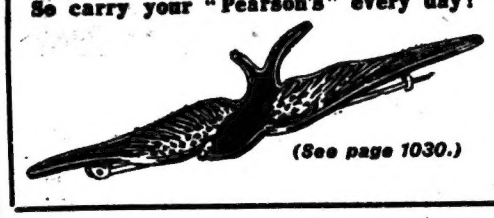
IF there is one person in the world lovers wish out of the way sometimes it is the chaperon. She may be a very nice person really, but there are times when even nice persons would be better far away. ENGAGED asks, "Can you tell me why chaperons are so called? I have had to suffer one lately, though I escape her as often as I can."——

There are several explanations, ENGAGED. Chaperons are really the black feathery devices which are placed over the horses' heads at funerals, but it would hardly be fair to draw conclusions from that. Certainly I have been told that chaperons cast a gloom over two ardent young persons. The name, however, is also given to the cap or hood worn by Knights of the Garter, and I suppose as these austere chaperons once wore the same headgear, the name was not altogether inappropriate. Finally, some say she is so called because she hasn't got a "chap 'er own." Take your choice, ENGAGED, but I don't vouch for the last one.

THE CIRCULAR NUISANCE.

WHO doesn't know the giddy little circular that tumbles through one's letter-box all day long and half the night? From drawing your attention to the merits of so-and-so's local ginger beer to asking

This Blue Bird Brooch we give away, So carry your "Pearson's" every day!



(See page 1030.)

you to attend a newly opened mission for "won't works," they all come pouring in and make an imposing pile on the mat. To this imposing pile, however, CIRCLE strongly objects. "Every day," he writes, "leaflets, booklets, samples of patent pills, bootblacking, or hairwash are stuffed through my letter-box, until I get perfectly sick of seeing them. Haven't I any remedy to stop the nuisance? I don't believe the advertisements do any good. I am quite sure that I would never buy any remedy as prescribed by these leaflets."——

I am afraid, CIRCLE, that all you can do is to grin and bear it. Letter-box rubbish is one of the things every man has got to suffer whether he likes it or not. The only remedy I can suggest is to take a flat at the top of a very high building. Circular fiends rarely take the trouble to walk up long flights of stairs to deliver their wares.

DOES MARRIAGE HELP A MAN?

PATERFAMILIAS asks that old, old question, "Do married or single men succeed best in the world? Speaking personally," he adds, "I have got on better in life in every way since I was married. Before, the slightest failure used to make me downhearted for days. Now my wife bucks me up to try again. I often wonder how so many famous men have succeeded in spite of being bachelors."——

In some ways, of course, PATERFAMILIAS, marriage is an enormous help to a man. But whether a woman will lead a man to success or not depends entirely upon herself. There is no doubt that many would not have made any mark in the world if the responsibilities of having a wife and children to look after had not compelled them to use their brains to the best advantage. But many a man, on the contrary, has been hampered by the ties and cares of married life. After all, fortune does not stop to inquire whether a man is married or single before she smiles.

THE LANGUAGE OF STAMPS.

THERE is a recognised code of stamping letters by lovers. There is, in fact, a language of stamps, and ALICE wants to know that language. She writes: "I have heard that a stamp upside down means the writer loves you. As I have been corresponding with a young man lately, and as he always places his stamps upside down on the envelopes, I want to know as soon as possible."——

I believe that that is the case, ALICE. If the stamp is placed on the left-hand top-corner it means "I hate you." If you get a letter with the stamp placed in the left-hand bottom corner, it means "I desire your friendship, but nothing more." An expert in these affairs informs me that when the stamp is placed crosswise on the right-hand corner it means a kiss or asks that great question "Do you love me, dearest?"

By the way, talking about stamps, do you know the language of the nine penny stamps? It is the language of a child in the slums who wants a holiday in the country. Place nine stamps in an envelope and send them to me and I shall understand what you are saying quite well, and thank you for it.

WIDOWER OR BACHELOR?

AGNES is torn between two lovers and appeals to me to help her. She writes: "There are two men who want to marry me. One is a bachelor and the other is a widower. I like them equally well, and I think they would either of them make me a good husband. My only doubt is that if I married the widower he would be comparing me with his former wife, and I should not like that. Please decide for me."——

AGNES, certainly not! I really cannot add to my many responsibilities that of choosing husbands for fair readers of *P.W.* I must really draw the line somewhere! As you are undecided which to choose I should say that you are in love with neither. You will be far wiser to wait than to make up your mind now. Marry in haste and repent at leisure, you know!

ANOTHER LIST OF GIFT WINNERS.

They carried their *Pearson's* in their hands,
And this is what we gave *them*.

STYLOGRAPHIC PENS TO—
C. Sales, 132 Park Road, Aston, Birmingham.
A. Samuel, Mary Villa, Larbert, N.B.
G. F. Harris, 15 Wellington Road, Dartford, Kent.

SILVER-HEADED HAT PINS TO—
Mrs. J. M. Smith, 140 Mauirs Street, Glasgow.
Miss Cowan, 11 Victoria Place, Airdrie.
Mrs. William Selford, 18 Avon Street, Hamilton Lanarkshire, Scotland.
Margarita Gyst, The Hollies, Park Grove, Birkenhead.

LADIES' PURSES TO—
Maggie Byars, 95 Thistle Street, Garnethill, Glasgow.
Miss M. McLaren, Spring Bank, Victoria Road, Larbert, N.B.

SILVER CIGAR CUTTERS TO—
W. C. Pearson, 3 Kent Terrace, Regent's Park.
S. A. Hall, 51 Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

FOLDING NAIL SCISSORS TO—
N. Gerrish, 18 Elborough Street, Southfields, S.W.
A. C. Harris, care of Macdonald, 685 George Street, Aberdeen.
B. Saunders, 2 Caledonian Place, Westburn, Newton, Glasgow.

BLUE BIRD BROOCHES TO—
F. K. May, 55 Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.
Mrs. Walker, Western Necropolis, Maryhill, Glasgow.
Mrs. McConnachie, 152 Hallside, Newton, near Glasgow.
H. Howard, 109 Preston Road, Birmingham. *P.W.* Penknife.
Inspector Swan, Central Police Chambers, Glasgow. Sov. Purse.
G. Crawford, 5 George Street, Dumbarton. Silver Pencil Case.
Philip Morrison, care of G. Collie, 152 Hutcheson Street, Aberdeen, Scotland. Cigarette Case.
H. Cowan, Victoria Place, Airdrie, N.B. Briar Pipe.

So carry your *Pearson's* in your hand,
And see what we will give *you*.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.

5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

6. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, April 18th.

7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

ORK FOR THE HANDYMAN

THE WAY to MAKE an IDEAL RABBIT HUTCH

. . and . .

OW to MAKE a BEEHIVE for ONE SHILLING

are explained in

THE SMALLHOLDER.

"The Smallholder" is full of practical help and advice and should be in the hands of everyone with a garden or an allotment.

OW ON SALE. PRICE ONE PENNY.

MISS NANCY PRICE,

Who is scoring so great a success in "The Crown of India," has designed this Smart Costume exclusively for "Home Notes," dated April 18th.

:: :: Now On Sale. :: ::

This costume, though fashionable and becoming, presents few difficulties to the amateur dressmaker. It is devoid of trimming save for a few buttons down the centre front of the skirt, and a novel touch is given by the three added tabs or loose box-pleats at the back.

A FREE PAPER PATTERN of this attractive model in any of the stock sizes will be sent post free in return for the coupon to be found in this week's

HOME NOTES.

PEARSON'S 6d. EDITIONS OF FAMOUS NOVELS.

m Wildfire	by HELEN MATHERS.
e Adventures of Captain Kettle	,, C. J. C. HYNE.
. Veda's	,, ANNIE S. SWAN.
e Heart of Maureen	,, JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
me Durden	,, "RITA."
ou Shalt Not	,, GEORGE GRIFFITH.
tters of Fire	,, BERTHA M. CLAY.
e Food of Love	,, F. FRANKFORT MOORE.
e Woman who Came Between	,, E. A. ROWLANDS.
e Adventures of Nell Gwyn	,, F. FRANKFORT MOORE.
reen	,, EDNA LYALL.

At all Booksellers; or post free for 8d. each, three for 1s. 10d., six for 3s. 4d., from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

G HOLIDAYS, 1912-13.		APRIL.						MAY.						JUNE.						JULY.						Lighting Up Time for this Week.	
sday Monday . May 27.	S		7	14	21	28	S	5	12	19	26	S	2	9	16	23	30	S		7	14	21	28	April	12 ... 7.49
Holiday . August 5.	M	1	8	15	22	29	M	6	13	20	27	M	3	10	17	24		M	1	8	15	22	29	,,	13 ... 7.51
mas Day December 25.	T	2	9	16	23	30	T	7	14	21	28	T	4	11	18	25		T	2	9	16	23	30	,,	14 ... 7.52
ng Day . December 26.	W	3	10	17	24		W	1	8	15	22	29	W	5	12	19	26	W	3	10	17	24	31	,,	15 ... 7.54
Friday . March 21.	T	4	11	18	25		T	2	9	16	23	30	T	6	13	20	27	T	4	11	18	25		,,	16 ... 7.56
Monday . March 24.	F	5	12	19	26		F	3	10	17	24	31	F	7	14	21	28	F	5	12	19	26		,,	17 ... 7.57
	S	6	13	20	27		S	4	11	18	25		S	1	8	15	22	29	S	6	13	20	27	,,	18 ... 7.58

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Assets exceed - **£2,250,000.**
Claims paid over **£9,000,000.**

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We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

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£100 RAILWAY
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INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

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This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims of £1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any one dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonth's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

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£10 PRIZE

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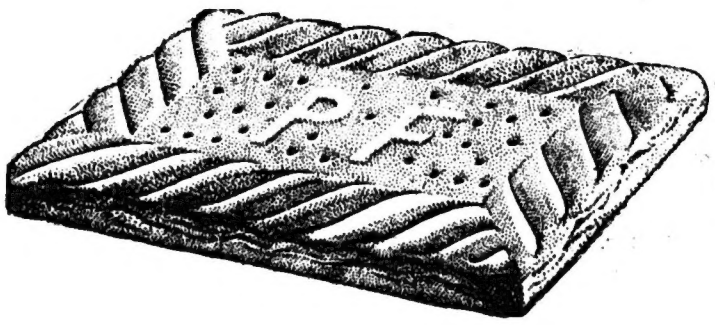

The new Biscuit which is selling in such enormous quantities.

See Page 1029 of this Issue

ENTER TO-DAY FOR THE £10 PRIZE.